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# PRAIRIE DAYS

By NETTIE KORB BRYSON



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The Author  
NETTIE KORB BRYSON  
March, 1939

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PART I

"Billowy bays of grass . . .  
Ever rolling in shadow and sunshine."



## MY APOLOGY

It seems far more like this than a "Prefatory Note," as it doubtless should be called. That I, who have merely been a *teller* of tales should now have *written* one is more surprising to me than it will be to my friends. It is due to their encouragement that this little story has come into being. Even the children of the family urged it, wanting this or that favorite included.

Naturally, my first thought was that my anecdotes and memories had in them so little of value that they would not be sufficiently interesting, even to those most nearly concerned. As for those who may come after us, they may not take the trouble to follow the trail of their ancestors. Nevertheless, I began to make notes.

It pleased me to think that my family wanted *written* accounts of the incidents I was able to remember, or which I have been told, in the eventful lives of many who are now gone. It was not until a much later date that I saw the working out of my desultory notes into a continuous narrative spanning a half-century. From the days of Johan Heinrich Korb, in Saxony, to the date when the last baby in the family was born in America, is a full hundred years.

Even then I thought I was writing of how our family conquered the prairie, but I was wrong. My young father and mother, full of faith and determination, merely represented thousands of other young pioneers who faced hardship and braved dangers, not for themselves, but for their children and their children's children. These are they who made the West.

And so I send forth these pages because I believe they have a mission, for they speak of a time which can never come again. No attempt has been made at perfect accuracy, although I think names and dates are fairly correct. And no one will detect more faults than the author. Nevertheless, because I glory in the tale of prairie





days which made history, I lovingly dedicate this—faulty and fragmentary though it is—to the memory of my mother and father, and my sisters and brothers, who lived in prairie days; and to my children and grandchildren, who can live them only at second hand. To all of them this is my gift.

(Signed)

NETTIE KORB BRYSON.

Alamitos Bay (Long Beach), California,  
March, 1939.



## PROLOGUE

With the setting of the sun a gently freshening breeze blew from the west and brought surcease from the heat of the day. The horses plodded along after the manner of farm draft animals accustomed to unhurried movements. The wagon wheels made no sound as they rolled softly over the cushion of buffalo grass. Perched high on the sturdy wagon was a man, a little boy, and a small girl.

The man was broad of shoulder, with a massive, well-shaped head—the embodiment of strength and power. At his feet crouched the boy, playing the inevitable game of his kind: driving the horses. The lad's hair was so blond it was almost perfectly white, and lay in ringlets about his head. He talked and clucked to the horses, echoing every command of the man driving. Beside the man on the high seat sat the girl.

She was eight years of age, lithe and slender, her little homespun dress tight about her, for she was growing more rapidly than the garment wore out. Her sunbonnet (one of those long, hideous black scoops, stiff and uncomfortable) was thrown back over her shoulders, now that there was no longer any power in the sun. She was already tall but graceful and sprightly, with blue-gray eyes, regular features, and wavy brown hair in which the rays of the sun put strands of gold. It hung down her back in two long, heavy braids, tied at the ends with small bits of brightly colored cloth.

They were driving straight toward the fading sun. To their left was the long, wavy line of the river and clumps of trees, indicating the trend of the stream and the lower parts of the bottom land. Finally they came to a point where the river looped and gathered in its elbow a beautiful piece of land that sloped back gradually until it reached a great, rolling plateau. At a word, the horses came to a stop.

The man set the heavy brake, wound the lines about the lever, and climbed down over the wagon wheel. Standing for a moment,





it was observable that he was over six feet tall, muscular, erect, and with the movement and action of a trained athlete as he strode a few yards ahead of the team. He removed his broad brimmed hat and took a deep breath of the sweet air. He wore a heavy beard, cut rather short and parted slightly. It was brown, a little sun-burned, and wavy, giving him an air of distinction. His hair was dark brown, and lay in a series of heavy waves. His eyes were gray-blue, clear and bright.

Suddenly, from back of them, two horsemen galloped up. The horses' hoofs made a muffled drumming as they approached. Silently the two riders dismounted and joined the big man who stood looking about with the quick, wide, sweeping glances of the plainsman. The young horsemen were probably eighteen and sixteen respectively, but might have been a year younger. Nevertheless they were already men.

Their hair was brown and wavy, and they were fair, with the eyes of their father and as handsome as he. Smooth faced, keen and alert, they had a general air of youthful strength. They were both dressed in homespun, their tight-fitting trousers thrust into the tops of their high riding boots, but the younger was debonaire and dashing to a noticeable extent.

Like their father, they too removed their broad-brimmed hats and stood respectfully listening. The little girl, not to be left out, had scrambled down and joined the group. The older man spoke, his voice deep and musically resonant:

"This will be the place."

The others looked slowly about, visualizing his thought. The little girl slipped her hand inside his great, strong palm. Unconsciously he closed his hand, pressing hers softly, and spoke again:

"There's the timber for building. Here we shall have the water from a spring."

Turning with an inclusive, sweeping gesture, he added: "There is the wheat and corn land, and up on that slope we will plant the orchard."

The group was silent for a moment, each busy with mind





pictures. Slowly the boys nodded in understanding and assent. They had visioned the future.

Down by the river the tall grass rose and fell in billows, stirred by the evening breeze. The blue of the sky faded. Dusk was approaching. The man spoke again as if thinking aloud:

"We can take up three claims here; three farms—and our home for our prairie days."

Darkness was settling rapidly. A fish leaped in the river with a tinkling splash, sending silvery circles wide in the placid back-water of the stream. The horses trotted eagerly homeward, and the children snuggled closer to each other as the evening grew cool.

That night they talked it over by the little fire that smoldered in the fireplace. The mother had listened, asked some questions, and nodded in approval. Then for a time all were silent, busy with dreams. At last the little girl brought the family Bible and put it in her father's lap. For an instant he laid his hand caressingly on her hair. The Book fell open at the Psalms—a well-worn path in the reader's hands—and at once the man began to read:

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

His deep, sonorous voice filled the log cabin as he read slowly. "Withhold not Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let Thy loving kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me."

The mother was rocking softly, the curly head of the wee lad pillowed on her breast. His dreams were of trees hung richly with big red apples. The little girl was kneeling beside her father, her head bent and her face on his knees. The young men gazed steadily into the embers. There was a minute's silence after the words: "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

The prayer which followed was short. The young men slipped out for a last round to see that all was well with the night. The woman spoke softly:

"Tomorrow I will go with you and see. I think you have chosen wisely. It will be our home for our prairie days."





## CHAPTER I

My father's people, the Korbs—or the "Von Korbs" which is the proper name—were not of the peasant type. They lived in cities and were business men. While there was never a trace of snobbery in my father's actions, there was a certain nobility of bearing in his contact with others. He always showed a spirit of tolerance with charity toward all. A broad-minded Christian fellowship pervaded and governed his entire life.

Grandfather Korb's name was "John Henry." It may have been "Johann Heinrich" in German, but our father rarely used German words or phrases, although he doubtless liberally translated old German proverbs in his talks with his children. He seldom spoke German in our hearing, being an intensely patriotic citizen of the United States, unwavering in his allegiance to his adopted country.

Grandfather Korb lived in a province famous then and now for its livestock, especially for its wonderful cattle. He was a stock expert, and made a modest fortune in buying and handling cattle. My father spoke of many instances of being with Grandfather Korb on his journeys into the country to buy cattle and other livestock. Contact with breeders and drovers was always most interesting to the eager mind of the boy. Grandfather Korb had the reputation of being able to estimate the weight of an animal and come within a few pounds of the actual figure. For this faculty he won several prizes.

My father's memory of Grandfather Korb was vivid and very precious to him, but their parting came when Grandfather was instantly killed in a fall from a hayloft. His neck was broken and death was instant and merciful. Father always referred to him as a man of education and culture. As a mere lad he had





been with him many times when he visited and talked with men in high positions: lawyers, doctors and squires, all of whom he held in great respect, and it was plain that he was always esteemed by them, for his advice was much sought after.

Grandfather Korb had a good library, and spent all his leisure time in reading. He was the youngest son of a wealthy family. My father has told us how he visited the estate of the Von Korbs, and his memory was that of vast land holdings and a home of luxury.

Our father, Anton Julius Korb, was born March 25, 1830 in Bolwitz and spent the days of his early youth in nearby Sparnberg, Province of Saxe-Coburg, Prussia. He was the youngest of a very large family, there being nine children, four boys and five girls. The boys were all large men. Louis, the oldest, was six feet two inches, and was exempted from military duty to help his mother in their business, and in taking care of the family.

The next boy, Ferdinand, was the tallest of the four, and the cleverest. He had a very deep baritone voice as well as a fine education, and was a commanding officer in the King's Guard. He and Henry were drafted for army service as soon as they were old enough. I do not know the rank of Ferdinand but he was an officer obliged to give many orders, and everyone loved his voice. While it was deep and strong, it had a very sweet, mellowed tone, and when he talked, everyone listened. Ferdinand had other gifts, also, which were very helpful in his position. He could write with both hands and hold a conversation at the same time, all on different subjects. His capability made him almost indispensable in the army.

Henry (or Heinrich) was a fine, outstanding man, but not so capable as Ferdinand. Then came Anton Julius (our father) distinguished by being six feet tall in his bare feet, and possessing a fine baritone singing voice.

We knew little about the five sisters, except that they were all tall, two of them being six feet in height! Henrietta and Menia





were experts with the needle, doing fine needle work and tailoring for both men and women. Emily was very efficient in the domestic arts, as was also Grandmother Korb. Sadonia was a trained nurse and midwife by profession, and practiced midwifery until she was seventy-five years of age. Katherine was a professional organist, travelling extensively through Europe, playing in theatres and all the large churches. She preferred the German cities, however. We have heard that our Aunt Katherine's husband, Karl Hoffman, was a college professor, teaching a science, and that her only son, Fritz, was an organist of some fame, like his mother.

Our father seemed to lose interest in his family after Grandmother Korb's death, and finally all correspondence between them ceased. He always thought he was the only one to come to America, but after he went to Oregon in 1887, a young German called upon him one day and proved beyond a doubt that he was Aunt Sadonia's son, Fred Sproed by name.

This cousin of ours stayed with Daddy for some time, and was converted to the Seventh Day Adventist faith. After awhile he went back to Minnesota, the state which was his adopted home, attended an Adventist Seminary, and fitted himself to be a missionary of that faith. Early in his student life he married, and soon after graduation, he and his wife, with their two children, went to Brazil for missionary duty. For a number of years, Father heard nothing more from him, but Fred and his family returned to the United States; and the correspondence was resumed.

Fred seemed to have been the only one of his family in America when he hunted up Father in Oregon, but at some period—probably while he was studying for the Adventist ministry—his parents, with his five younger brothers and sisters, all came to this country. Daddy was past eighty years of age when he first heard that Aunt Sadonia was here. Naturally, he was eager to see her, and the next year, in 1912, he made a visit to Minnesota.

It was not as happy an occasion as he had anticipated. They had been separated too many years to be quite congenial. For one





thing, Father could not forgive Aunt Sadonia for not becoming the loyal American citizen that he was. She would never be naturalized. And doubtless there were other differences of opinion.

Fred Sproed, when he died, left his widow and three daughters, all living in Minneapolis. Aunt Sadonia's five children, whom she brought with her to America, are all married, and living at various places between Minnesota and California. Their family name was "Sproed," not "Korb."

The "Korb" name, appearing in a newspaper report, gave us a bit of shock one day. It was in the early part of the World War when Lord Kitchener and the British Fleet were bombed by the Germans. The officer who succeeded in accomplishing this murderous work was a "Von Korb," and Father was positive that he was some distant relative of ours—we hoped *very* distant.



## CHAPTER II

It must have been my inquiring mind that made me ask my parents so many questions. My father once said that boys usually asked more questions than girls, but that I was more persistent than the boys. I must have been a good listener, for when they answered, explained or became reminiscent I sat silently interested, and at times encouragingly enthusiastic.

Now, after the lapse of many years, I am glad they talked to me. While I have never thought I had a particularly good memory, my family and friends have credited me with ability to recall many details of our earlier life which they had forgotten.

I am glad my father and mother talked to me of their childhood, and of the many and varied experiences they had in their youth. I find I am able to recall much they told me, and many events of our own experience that may be of interest in this later day. As I have no written records, much of this chronicle must be from memory. All that I shall set down here about my parents was told me by them, or will be accounts of my own personal experiences, strengthened and augmented by conversations with others of the family.

Anton Julius (our father) was apprenticed to a stonecutter, and so thoroughly did they train their young men in Saxe-Coburg (his spelling was "Sachsen") that he was rated a first-class workman despite his youth. As the time approached when he would come of age to enter the army, his mother put into effect a plan she had long been working out. She was a widow, and had already given two sons to the army, but would send her youngest boy, the baby of the family, far away across the sea, into a new land. Here (she hoped and fondly believed) he would work out a destiny much better and happier than in service for the Prussian army.





With Spartan fortitude she concealed her sorrow and bravely carried out arrangements for his going. What she suffered can be imagined, but Prussian mothers were proud, determined and courageous. My father has told me of an incident that spurred his mother on toward speeding his departure.

He made a journey to the seat of government where his two brothers were serving in the King's Guard. He was greatly thrilled by the opportunity, and tremendously flattered and elated over what happened during his stay at the barracks. In order to get permission to visit his brothers it was necessary that he get a pass from the captain of the guard. The captain looked at the handsome, upstanding youth with eyes ever alert for new recruits. He was evidently skilled in the manner of handling young men, for he listened to the lad's speech, felt his muscles, and, turning to the other officers in the room, remarked:

"What fine men they breed in Sparnberg! What a splendid soldier this one will make! Why, with training, he may even become an officer!"

Bubbling over with enthusiasm, the lad reported this speech to his mother when he reached home. With a sinking heart she foresaw his fate if she should fail to swiftly carry out her cherished yet dreaded plan. Doubtless she realized that he would meet with difficulties, but she could not foresee all the dangers that would beset her boy in his attempt to get out of the country.

Many young men who tried to evade military duty were caught and forced into the army. The husband of the oldest sister was an army officer, and he had the power to issue passports, but distance was an obstacle. His passport carried the youth only to a certain point of safety, and then he had to work out his own destiny. Three times he was in peril of being caught, but through fortunate turns, escaped.

In after years he told some of the details of his escapes (for that was what it was) from the *bondage* of militarism in Prussia. He said that it was only through the mercy of God that he came





safely through the dangers of capture. He could not see that human endeavor could have accomplished his deliverance.

He was eighteen years of age, and handicapped by lack of an English vocabulary. Had it not been that his mother had written ahead to some old friends in New York, he would have been in difficult circumstances when he reached America. When his ship arrived in New York, however, he was met by one of the younger men of the family to whom his mother had written, and together the two went, within a short time, to Western Pennsylvania, where both found employment in construction work on the first railroad that was reaching out across the Allegheny Mountains. Just as he had been rated at home, so he was rated here, "a first-class stonecutter," despite his youth, and lack of knowledge of the tongue and the ways of this strange new land in which he found himself.

There were no language classes in his day, and he has told me how earnestly he applied himself to learning English. He took advantage of every opportunity, and his progress was rapid, for he was soon able to speak it fluently and to write it clearly. This was a wonder to me when I grew old enough to understand the obstacle and to appreciate the speed with which he overcame great difficulties in the early days spent in his adopted land.

According to such dates as I have been able to find, I judge that Father remained in Pennsylvania about six years. By that time his imagination was fired with tales of "the West," as represented by the great state we know as Iowa. At that time it was spelled "Ioway" and so pronounced, possibly the white man's version of the name of the Indian tribe inhabiting this region: "Aiouez" or "Ayavois" as it was variously written in the earliest records. Both river and state were given the same name, which we are told means "sleepy waters."

However it was spelled and whatever it meant it spelled "opportunity" for hundreds, our father among them. Thousands of acres of fertile prairie land, and timber land also, at prices cheap enough to be purchased by anyone with modest means, were very alluring. He has told me that to him this opportunity seemed truly





marvelous, for in the old world, in Prussia, his birthplace, such a condition never existed. The more he heard, the more excited he became, thinking that he too could be the proud possessor of acreage.

Except for his frugality, it would never have been possible, but he was no spendthrift. Not knowing what lay ahead of him in the new world to which he had come, he had steadfastly refused to be tempted to extravagance. He still had a little money left over from that given him by his mother for the trip to America, and he had saved the greater part of his wages. Fortunately for his ambitions, he never had to send money back to his people in Prussia, as so many poor fellows did. His mother saw to it that he had a free field to make of himself what he would.

Finally he decided to journey to the new state, and see for himself whether it justified the investment of his little capital. I do not know the means of transportation, nor where he first stopped in Iowa, but we know he crossed the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains. We also know that the first piece of land shown him, that he felt he could really purchase, was near the small town of Wassenville, where Mother's people were already settled and prosperous.

He took lodging in the only hotel in the village, or "boarding house" as it was called, and in going about, looking over different pieces of land, he met a number of families with young people in them. A handsome, thrifty young man, with money enough to purchase land, was a desirable addition to the Wassenville Blue Book. With true Western hospitality he was welcomed. Before long he was invited to one of the homes where they were having a party and dance. Dancing was one of his favorite pastimes, so he gladly accepted, not knowing that Cupid lurked within the doorway. It was at this party that he met the charming Samantha Ann McCallister, who became his wife a year later.

Strangely enough, as I am writing these incidents in the lives of our parents, and weaving in bits of history, in the year of our Lord, 1938, the state of Iowa is celebrating a very important



anniversary. Just one hundred years ago, in 1838, Congress passed the bill organizing the Territory of Iowa. And that century has seen, not only the passing of the sturdy race of pioneer men and women, but the passing, also, of the difficulties and responsibilities which developed these men and women, as well as the country. The present generation is the poorer that we have passed the pioneer period of our history.





## CHAPTER III

My mother's parents were John McCallister and Hester Coy. The McCallisters were Irish, the Coys, Scotch. Doubtless the real name was "Mc Coy," the change being due to the trouble many people of that day had in dealing with immigration clerks.

John McCallister, our grandfather on the maternal side, was born in Kentucky, and his parents moved across the Mississippi River into Illinois in the early pioneering days of that State, where John grew to manhood. He became a famous character in Southern Illinois, being captain of one of the earliest Mississippi steamboats.

Some time after his marriage to Hester Coy, he moved over into Iowa in search of rich land at a reasonable price. Finding what he wanted, he bought five hundred acres and developed them, thus being "very comfortably situated" for the day and time.

It was virgin forest in Iowa then, and Mother has told me stories of Grandfather's hunting for game and honey. There were swarms of wild bees that made their hives in hollow trees, and roaming about were deer, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and grouse, all in abundance and very delicious for food. While hunting game, Grandfather would often locate the bees, and would then go back to the same spot prepared to take the honey.

In later life, Grandfather McCallister became a breeder, trainer and racer of thoroughbred horses, and many are the tales concerning his travels and adventures. Race tracks were far different from modern ones, but they were apparently surrounded by the same spirit of intense excitement, and Grandfather McCallister must have cut a figure with his strings of horses, his trainer and his jockeys.

It was while he was on one of these expeditions that his wife, our Grandmother Hester Coy-McCallister, passed away. In those days there were no telegraph wires or telephones, and no one at

## CHAPTER III

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GRANDFATHER JOHN McCALLISTER AND FRIENDS







home knew just where he was. It was therefore several weeks after Grandmother's death that the word reached Grandfather.

Of Grandmother McCallister's family we have a more complete record inasmuch as we have been fortunate enough to be allowed to copy several passages from the Coy family history as written by Dr. Owen Coy, Professor of History in the University of Southern California, at Los Angeles. The following is from his notes:

"During the period when the people of New England had been developing from English colonists into Americans, other peoples had been coming into the back country of the Southern Colonies. There the Allegheny Mountains recede some distance from the coast, and a wider area is open to cultivation. In this region, many peoples from European countries other than England had come, notably the Germans and the Scotch-Irish. These later arrivals made excellent frontiersmen, but they naturally did not agree with their coastal English neighbors who owned large plantations worked by slaves, and the antagonism at times partook of the nature of warfare. In 1771, in the Battle of Alamance, the frontiersmen were defeated and many of them then turned faces to the west. In this manner began the settlements of Tennessee and Kentucky.

"In this movement went Benjamin Coy. Insofar as records are available, he is the earliest of the Coy family in the New World. According to tradition, he was born in Maryland, of Scotch parentage, his parents having emigrated to America through Wales. Moving westward, he went by Boone's Wilderness Road, down the great Appalachian Valley to the headquarters of the Cumberland Gap. The region afterwards to be known as Tennessee and Kentucky was then filled with the exploits of Daniel Boone, and stories of fierce savage Indian warfare. In these adventurous times, the Coys were to take their part as pioneers.



"Benjamin Coy, settling in Nelson County, Kentucky, came to know Daniel Boone well, and to engage in hunting with him. Boone's old rifle and powder horn were possessions of the Coy family for many years.

"In 1820, Benjamin Coy moved from Kentucky to Illinois, settling near what is now Springfield on the Sangamon River. Here they were neighbors and friends of the Lincoln family. Grandmother's brother, Urban David, was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, attending the Chicago Convention which nominated him for President, and later visiting him in the White House.

"In 1828, the Benjamin Coy family moved once more, this time to Henderson Grove, Knox County, Illinois, about four miles northwest of the present site of Galesburg. It was on this move that Urban David (Grandmother's brother) affectionately known as 'Major' Coy, obtained employment with the Latimer family, driving an ox team, and thus met young Susan Latimer, whom he married five years later. Theirs was the first marriage in Knox County, Illinois. The year before he was married, when he was twenty-two, trouble broke out with the Sac-Fox Indians under Chief Black Hawk, and he enlisted as a private soldier, serving six months under Abraham Lincoln as his Captain.

"When Major Coy was fifty-six, he moved with his large family to the very southwestern corner of Iowa, near the Missouri River. Here, in 1867, he settled at what was later to become the town of Farragut, where many of his descendants are still settled. He fought on the Union side in the Civil War, and afterwards became a well-to-do farmer. There is extant a tax receipt made out to him for taxes on fourteen quarter sections of land, amounting to some 2240 acres, these taxes amounting to \$120.00!

"From Illinois and Iowa the various members of the Coy family have scattered farther west. One of Urban's sons went to Washington Territory but finally drifted to Southern California, becoming one of the founders of La Habra, as well as its first postmaster. Another son, George, settled in California and engaged



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in the fruit business. His brother, Charles, became a Methodist minister and did much effective work in Northern California.

"Thus the history of the Coy family follows many of the important threads of American history, so that it may properly be called 'a truly American family.'"



## CHAPTER IV

Our mother, Samantha Ann McCallister, daughter of John and Hester Coy McCallister, was born October 29th, 1836, on a large farm in Southern Illinois, near the Kentucky boundary, on the north shore of the Ohio River. She has told me something of her early life, but I also learned considerable from her sisters, Aunt "Jen" (Jane), Aunt Lizzie, Aunt "Cal" (Caroline) and from her brother, Uncle John McCallister.

When Grandmother McCallister died, and the home was necessarily broken up, Aunt Jen and my mother were both married, but the younger children, Lizzie, Cal and John, came into our home. My father, always generous, took over their guardianship, and they were a part of our family until they set up homes of their own. When Aunt Cal married, Aunt Lizzie went to live with her, but Johnnie was with us longer, and when we moved from Iowa to Kansas, he went with us, staying until he was twenty-two. Then he journeyed West and we did not hear from him again for many years, but we have since learned that he lived and died in Stockton, California.

Aunt Cal married James Emily, who was much older than herself. They moved to Kansas a year after we did. He was regarded as having plenty of money. At any rate he bought out a number of homesteaders, and took up considerable land south of Osborne County. There he surveyed and laid out a townsite. It was his hope to get the County seat but in this he was disappointed, and the town of "Emily City" remained a comparatively small settlement, although it is "Emily City" to this day.

I had the greatest admiration for my Aunt Cal, both as to her bright mind, and her beautiful figure and manners. She was a small woman with red hair that was inclined to be curly, and was

## LIBRARY

The present volume, the first of a series, is devoted to the study of the history of the English language, and is the work of a distinguished scholar, who has been able to draw upon a vast store of materials, and to present them in a clear and concise manner. The volume is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the history of the English language from its earliest beginnings to the present day, and the second part deals with the history of the English language from the present day to the future.

The first part of the volume is devoted to the study of the history of the English language from its earliest beginnings to the present day. It begins with a chapter on the prehistoric period, and then goes on to deal with the history of the English language from the time of the Roman invasion to the present day. The second part of the volume is devoted to the study of the history of the English language from the present day to the future. It begins with a chapter on the present state of the English language, and then goes on to deal with the future of the English language.

The volume is written in a clear and concise manner, and is suitable for use as a text-book in schools and universities. It is also suitable for use as a reference work for those who are interested in the history of the English language. The volume is a valuable addition to any library, and is one of the best works on the history of the English language that has been published in recent years.

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AUNT CAL.





always attractively wavy. Her feet and hands were small and dainty, and there was an air of distinction about her. She was of a serious temperament, and frequently we would note a sad, dreamy look in her eyes. In animation, however, she was vivacious and beautiful. She never had any children, and her husband met with a tragic death.

He distrusted banks and bankers and was known to carry large sums of money on his person. I think it was in the spring of 1880 that he started to a small town near Hays City on business, but never reached his destination. A few days later search was begun and his body was found not far from Hays City. He had been robbed and murdered, but no trace was ever found of his assailants.

About two years afterward, Aunt Cal married the unsuccessful son of a rich man, William Smith by name. They moved to a farm near Chanute, Kansas, where they lived happily, her husband turning out to be a very fine character. They had been married about four years when one day Uncle Will came in from the field and found her dead. She had been out in the yard where she collapsed, stricken with heart failure.

Aunt Lizzie was larger, being tall with a neat, willowy figure. She too had red hair, and it was the most beautiful and attractive I ever saw, not as curly as Mother's, but always lying in graceful waves. She had a peaches-and-cream complexion and clear, blue Irish eyes. In addition, she was a born modiste and dressed in a most becoming manner. I can recall every detail about her, and the picture is vivid and beautiful after the lapse of years. In thinking of her and Aunt Cal, I have the same feeling of worship that I had as a little girl.

In memory, Aunt Lizzie wore clothes that were up to the hour in style, and I never saw her with a tousled head or a soiled dress. Like all women of that time and place, she did all of her own work after her marriage, and her house was as neat and tidy as herself, always cheerful and cozy. She lived longer than the rest of her generation. I think she was about seventy-five when she





passed out with the flu, leaving the memory of a devoted wife and mother, and a very capable woman.

In many ways she was helpful to her husband, and conducted a millinery store in their home town for several years. She married Frank Leebrick, secretary of the colony of Pennsylvania Dutch people who settled in Osborne County and founded the little town of Osborne which became the County seat. Four children were born to them. The oldest is a spinster, Ally Leebrick. The oldest son, Charles, is a breeder of Hereford cattle in Western Kansas. The second boy, Max, is a druggist in Frederick, Oklahoma, and the youngest, Roy, met a tragic death in a runaway, wherein he was thrown from his wagon. He too was a stock breeder.

Aunt Lizzie was a very strong and determined prohibitionist, and would not have anyone around her who drank. We often wondered why she had such strong convictions on the subject, as none of the family were so addicted, but we held the theory that most of the Irish were inclined to drink.

Aunt Cal was a good cook. It was her specialty and she loved it. Aunt "Jen" (Jane) as we always called her, though a good cook like Aunt Cal and an excellent business woman like Aunt Lizzie, was yet different from all the rest of the family. She was not as tall as Aunt Lizzie, being probably only five feet five, and very good looking, like the others, but her hair was brown and her eyes gray-blue. She possessed a most pleasing speaking voice, and had charming and cultured manners, making friends easily and meeting strangers with a free cordiality that charmed them.

Though she loved her sisters and would have fought for them, they never seemed to get very close to her. She was secretive about her own affairs, took very few people into her confidence, and if she had troubles, bore them silently without burdening others. It seems to me, as I think of her, that this natural reserve may have been more nearly genuine consideration for others than most of us then supposed.







AUNT LIZZIE





JOHN W. WOOD

Aunt Jen was a woman with splendid poise and complete self-control. She was evidently endowed with a calm spirit, for I never saw her betray nervousness or excitement. She had excellent taste in dress, and is remembered both as a fine business woman and a wonderful cook. It was said of her that no matter what the character of the material, she converted it into excellent food. Again I was worshipful at the shrine of her kitchen miracles. I recall her making pie crust, using hot lard, and to this day I can remember how flaky and delicious it was.

Aunt Jen married rather young, but it was an era in which girls married younger than they do now. Her husband was William Newland. "Billy," as we called him, lived only a few years but left her well provided for, so that she came to Kansas "a rich widow." As might be expected, she had many admirers, but finally married a man by the name of William Neff. He also was called "Billy" and is said to have looked like her first husband.

Unlike her first husband, however, he had little money. He had come to Osborne, Kansas, with a party of Pennsylvania Dutch settlers who had homesteaded adjoining claims, and had helped survey and lay out the streets. To him belongs the honor of naming many of them, and he lived to see the townsite a County seat.

Osborne was a very interesting colony. Property was pooled for the benefit of all. Livestock, farming implements and even cash resources were held for the community instead of for individuals. Their enterprises were divided into departments, with a man at the head of each. Billy Neff, for example, had charge of transportation and horsepower, with control of all horses and wagons owned by the community. After prosperity came to the little settlement, there was a division and allotment of all community property, and each settler thereafter "went on his own."

At this stage, Billy Neff wanted to own and operate the livery stable business. Naturally Aunt Jen objected, but he pleaded that it would be only a year or two and then he would sell out and go into some business more to her liking, so Aunt Jen yielded and





let him have the money to put up the building. As time passed, she wanted to make other plans but he was satisfied. Although he was not making much money, he was fond of horses. His great love for them is shown clearly by one particular incident.

In pioneering days there were many wild horses roaming the plains, and hunters devoted much time to catching them. Once they caught a great sorrel stallion that they had long tried unsuccessfully to get. He stood hands higher than those of his herd and was particularly beautiful; with long white tail and the longest mane anyone had ever seen. The time came when they ran it down and roped it, and the horse, struggling to escape, had the misfortune to entangle a hind foot in its own mane!

It proved to be what the hunters considered an "outlaw" animal so they sold it to Billy for fifteen dollars. His first intention was to take it far out on the plains and release it, but a friendship sprang up between himself and the horse, and it was not long until he had him completely "gentled." He became a famous driving horse and was known far and wide for his gentleness and beauty.

Billy had been in the livery stable business for quite awhile when Aunt Jen was taken seriously ill. About the same time Billy had an opportunity to sell his livery stable. It was a cash deal and he took it, leaving Osborne for Hays City, a town about fifty miles southwest. As soon as she was able to be active again, Aunt Jen closed up all business matters at Osborne, Kansas, and moved to Seattle, Washington, with what money she had left. There she leased a hotel and did a thriving business.

Billy Neff tried to bring about a reconciliation but she said she could never trust him again. His explanation was that when he sold the livery stable in Osborne he had opportunity to go into the same business in Hays City, and knew she would never consent, but that after it was all settled, he thought she would be reconciled. My aunt loved him, but could not forgive his treatment of her, and would never consent to see him again. Aunt Lizzie tried hard to bring them together, inviting Aunt Jen to visit her and then









AUNT JEN





having Billy just "happen" to drop in, but Aunt Jen heard of the plot and refused to come.

It was not until 1886 that she left Seattle even to visit us. My son had just been born and she remained with me until I was strong again. Then she went home. Later, she sold her hotel in Seattle and planned to come back where her sisters lived, but was suddenly taken ill. While all symptoms pointed at first to simple neuralgia, it went to her heart and she died in twenty-four hours.

When staying at my house she had told me of making her will and leaving her money to her three sisters. "You know, Nettie," she had said, "that I haven't much use for men and do not trust them, but I have found one, an elderly man in Seattle, who has been helping me with my business and whom I have found to be perfectly honest. I have named him Executor of my Will. He is under bond."

After she passed out, this "Executor" drew her money from the bank and disappeared, never to be heard of again. There were three bondsmen. Two of them had suffered great financial losses and were insolvent. All that was collected was about one-third of the amount, which came from the third bondsman. We also received a few of her personal belongings.

Aunt Jen was a very lovable character, but once deeply hurt or disappointed, she never forgot. We all loved her, and my brothers were especially devoted, for she seemed to understand the individual troubles of each one of us.

Mother's *oldest* brother, William, we never knew. He enlisted in the Union army during the Civil War but never reached the front lines, dying with measles. Like so many who lacked proper care in those strenuous times, he died from exposure. A sad fate for a twenty-one year old boy, away from home for the first time! Although he lived and passed away before our time, we children were well acquainted with him through the stories Mother told us.



I recall that he had the sleep-walking habit, and Mother could recite many of his adventures. As a lad he would wander about the house in his sleep. When he was about eighteen, he would arise in the night, go out and saddle his horse, and ride to the home of his chum, (where the doors were never locked), get into bed with his friend, and never know anything about it. In the morning he would be embarrassed to find himself with no clothing on save his night shirt!

The sleep-walking habit—or affliction—seemed to run in our mother's family. I have seen my Aunt Lizzie get up in the night, do queer things, and return to bed without any knowledge of her actions. On one occasion Uncle Frank, thinking to awaken her, spoke quite sharply: "Come back to bed. You are asleep." To which she replied: "You attend to your own business. I know what I'm doing." She went into the adjoining room, moved two pieces of furniture, and returned to bed. The next morning found her with no recollection whatever of the occurrence!





## CHAPTER V

Our mother's people were all of a venturesome nature, as might be expected of the hardy pioneer Coy-McCallister families. Naturally enough they were to be found among those travelling to California and Oregon in 1849.

John McCallister, a cousin of Mother's, went by ox and mule team across the plains from Iowa to San Francisco in 1849, in the first of the gold rush frenzy, later going from San Francisco to the gold fields.

Cousin John, so I have been told, had the McCallister affliction of doing queer things in his sleep. One time dreaming that he was fighting to keep his hard-won gold dust, he choked his wife until she was unconscious, under the impression that she was a bandit! Someone in the adjoining room, hearing the disturbance, went to her rescue.

Even this incident, shocking as it must have been, did not cure him. It took physical pain to do that. He dreamed that Indians were after him, and to save being scalped, climbed up to the roof of his log cabin. Through some accident he fell off, breaking his leg, and this was the last of such occurrences. Never again did he walk or act in his sleep.

Mother's uncle, Harding McCallister, whose covered wagons were in the same caravan with John's, parted from him at San Francisco and went on to Oregon, where he settled not far from what is now the city of Portland. Liking the state, he immediately adopted it for his home and began the task of owning all the land he could get his hands on.





In the course of time Great-Uncle Harding accumulated a large tract of fine grazing land on which he bred all kinds of stock—cattle, hogs and sheep. He was famous as a bear hunter and raised fine breeds of hunting dogs. Here is a story told of him:

One of his best young bear-hunting dogs disappeared and was gone twenty-four hours. Great-Uncle Harding, knowing his dog, said: "That dog has a bear treed somewhere." Ordinarily he would have started out to find the dog, but his attention was diverted to something else on the ranch, and while away from the house he heard the dog baying. He was so afraid that the dog would get hurt, for it was young and (so he thought) not very well-trained, that not thinking of himself, or his immediate work, nor even stopping to get his gun, he struck out through the heavy woods to the place where he had heard the baying. Sure enough, the dog had a large black bear cornered in a big hollow tree, and with the dog's help, Great-Uncle Harding killed it with the hunting knife he always carried in his belt.

All the other information I have been able to get concerning this same Great-Uncle is that he lived to be past eighty, devoted to his family. One son, I hear, is still living on a portion of the old estate.

Tom McCallister, Mother's cousin, was another interesting character, being—not a sleepwalker, but a natural clairvoyant. While John and Harding McCallister, and other relatives in the exploring party, were crossing the plains, Tom remained in Iowa, but although it was long before the days of transcontinental mail service, he seemed to know just where they were and the important happenings of the journey.

For example, Tom, living somewhere between what is now Dubuque and Davenport, near the muddy Mississippi (the place from which the caravan had started) was able to tell interested friends and stay-at-home relatives that the caravan had stopped for bad weather, or floods, or sickness, or Indians! He described



in detail conditions as they existed, their surroundings in the place at which they had stopped, and gave other amazing information.

It was months before the party was heard from—long after John had reached San Francisco and a letter could come through by pony express and stage. Naturally, such a letter was long in the writing and reported the entire journey in much detail. The friends and relatives back home, having painstakingly set down the happenings and dates as related by Tom, checked these against the many-paged letter, and were astounded or triumphant (according to their faith) to find all of Tom's accounts entirely accurate.

Contrary to what we might expect, this discovery did not increase community respect for Tom. On the contrary, his miraculous powers were attributed to the devil, and people who prided themselves on being "religious" avoided him as if he had the plague.

As a little girl I remember seeing Cousin Tom on one occasion. It was the grasshopper year, and they had left us nothing but a small quantity of corn meal—a left-over, since the entire corn crop was destroyed. Father had taken Mother, Brother Steve and myself to Waterville, in the eastern part of Kansas, to buy fresh fruit and white flour, together with potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables.

Cousin Tom and his wife (they had no children) lived on their tiny ranch on the outskirts of Waterville, and we visited them at Mother's insistence. Mother had always liked Cousin Tom and sympathized with his troubles, though Father shared the general unfavorable opinion of his occult powers. He was a gentle, kindly man, with a far-away, dreamy, rather sad expression in his eyes, the very opposite of his energetic, venturesome, prosperous brothers and other relatives.

The treatment accorded him is just another instance of the different appreciations of the generations then and now. We have learned to be more tolerant, and less and less do we confuse harshness with righteousness.





## CHAPTER VI

Our father (Anton Julius Korb) and our mother (Samantha Ann McCallister) met at Wassenville, Iowa, at a country dance, when Father was twenty-four and Mother nineteen. Father was a stranger in the neighborhood, having emigrated to Iowa from Pennsylvania a short time before. Like thousands of others, he was in search of rich lands to be had at reasonable prices, and had just purchased 160 acres. Mother's people had been in the country for some time and had accumulated 500 acres, thereby being "very comfortably situated" while Father was "just making a start."

Daddy had come from Europe originally. He was tall, with a magnificent physique and an erect carriage. His leonine head was crowned with heavy, wavy brown hair. With his dignified, courtly manners, and his (at that time) precise English, he must have been looked upon with favor by many girls of the region.

Our aunts have told me that Mother was a beautiful girl. She had a wealth of wavy, auburn hair that took on the glint of polished mahogany in the sunlight. She was rather of medium height, with a willowy figure and a laugh that was infectious. Undoubtedly she took the tall Saxon by storm. As I remember her, she had a pleasant personality, with a poise and dignity that set her apart in any company, and the fine quality of being able to set people at ease, and of binding them to her in fast friendship. I can well imagine her as the charming girl she has been described to me.

Certainly our father and mother must have been a handsome couple (as in later life). Also they were musical. Both sang and danced well. That they were suited to each other from the standpoint of disposition, and that the romance was lasting, their subsequent lives proved.





When I used to ask Mother about their courtship, she would smile, pat my head, speak a few quiet words, and over her face would come a look I cannot describe, but it told me those were memories too sweet and too sacred to put into words.

Daddy was different. He never talked very much about his courtship days, but he was free with compliments about the beautiful girl he had married, and would often tell me how he had taken her away from many persistent admirers. At times, to my continual and amusing questions, he would merely laugh one of his deep, mellow, musical laughs. So I wove my own romances and dreamed about their love making.

Those were early pioneering days. The country was sparsely settled but people were friendly and helpful. It was a period when thrift and hard work and all the homely virtues were put on a pedestal. Social gatherings were few, because of distance and poor roads, but they were merry and innocent, as compared with many modern gatherings. Social contacts were often enough and effective enough for the times, sandwiched as they were between the work necessary to make a home in the wilderness, but *their* "good times" would seem strange and inadequate to the over-pleasured youth of today.

More frequently than any other form of amusement was the dance. Those who think it was uncouth have a wrong idea. It was far less coarse and intimate than the dances of today. Men were polite and considerate, women refined and modest. The rough barn dances that are sometimes pictured were not of the period of these pioneer Iowans. There were "square" dances, with "figures" called and much bowing, in which everybody took part. Then there were the waltz, the minuet, and other stately dances with graceful but dignified movements.

Father and Mother were married about a year after their first meeting, which would argue for "love at first sight", since engagements were always of several months' duration to allow the bride time to prepare her table and bed linen, quilts and trousseau,





which must all be made by hand. I can still remember my mother's beautiful needlework—her fine, even stitches, which were the envy and despair of my little-girl days. Later in life Mother had one of the first hand sewing machines, and when I (her third child) was thirteen, she bought a Singer sewing machine, a very grand affair with a box top, and drawers to hold sewing materials. But in her youth, every stitch had to be put in by hand.

The marriage took place at the McCallister home on June 28th, 1855. A few years ago, at an 'Old Settlers' picnic at Alton, Kansas, I met a woman who told me that her mother had been bridesmaid and her father best man at the wedding of our parents. They were the only attendants and therefore must have been close friends. Unfortunately for us, they had not told her any details except that it was a notable affair, attended by everybody for miles around.

It was evidently in the early evening, for they had a lovely "supper" (as they called the evening meal). There was a huge wedding cake, which Grandmother McCallister would allow no one to touch except herself. In those days, the oldest daughter's wedding cake must be made by her own mother.

The young people went immediately to their small home, in which they must have lived about five years or longer, and in which two of their six children were born. These were the oldest boys, Henry Louis and Noah Walter. They were still babies when the little family saw larger opportunities farther on, moving—somewhat less than 100 miles—to the suburbs of a thriving little Iowa town called "Washington." Father sold his Wassen-ville place, bought a small farm near Washington, and again took up his old trade as a stonecutter, contractor and builder. He was fortunate enough to secure the contract for the first large school-house erected in the town and county of Washington, Iowa. That finished, he built three important bridges in the course of the next few years.

The first bridge, that across the Skunk River on the road to





Muscatine, was the most difficult. Built of stone, it was a hazardous undertaking owing to the quicksand for which the river is still noted, but such was Father's skill that forty years afterward my brother Louis visited the place and found the bridge still sturdy, although it had been used continuously since its construction!

On the small farm our parents had purchased on the outskirts of Washington, I was born, the third child of the union. Their sojourn here was brief, not more than two years at the longest, and then our little family of five moved into the town itself, where Father built a frame house of six rooms—a very large house for the times. Here Father's business became more firmly established, as it would naturally be in a town, and also there were better schools for the two boys, now of school age. It was here that the fourth child, John Stephen, was born.

About this time the Seventh Day Adventists made their appearance in the region and soon had many converts. Our father, always of a deeply religious nature, went into the faith. He remained an Adventist to the day of his death even when it involved real sacrifice. For example, he soon found that the teachings of the new religion interfered with his business, as it reduced the working days of his week. Saturday was their Sabbath and Sunday was observed by the community as a whole. With two days away from his work each week he could not make a success of his contracting business, so decided to give it up and devote himself to farming.

Working conditions were different then and now. Father began at seven in the morning and ended at six in the evening, six days a week. Nowadays the union hours are from eight to four-thirty, *five* days a week. Father had never heard of "working-men's rights." Pioneering meant freedom to do one's best, without dictation from any authority but his conscience and perhaps his wife.

After looking around, he located a 300-acre tract near Pilotburg, a small town in the northern part of the same County. The





price asked was ridiculously cheap, even for those days, because the place was supposed to be haunted, a rumor which Father and Mother pooh-poohed.

The house was built on different levels on the side of a hill. It seems to have first been planned that the kitchen and dining room should be at the top, but this afterwards changed so that these two rooms were on the lowest level—almost a basement in effect. The kitchen “upstairs” had been turned into a bedroom, but the pantry, adjoining, had been left as it was. A pump was there to take rainwater out of the cistern. Years before, so the story ran, a man had been murdered in this house, and his body thrown into the cistern.

The tale, of course, made the place very interesting and creepy when we moved in. It was noticeable that previous tenants had never stayed long, presumably “because they had heard and seen things”, but Father assured us that we *would* stay and would *not* see “the ghost” because there was no such thing, so he calmly went into sheep-raising on the farm, and we occupied the house. Occupied it very much, every room, in fact.

Uncle Johnnie (not Mother’s cousin of the occult powers, but her younger brother, who had come to live with us after Grandmother’s death) assured us children solemnly (but privately, so Father and Mother wouldn’t hear) that he often saw a man with a bloody cap wandering around the house after nightfall—particularly on dark, stormy nights when the wind howled. Whether the ghost merely tired of life in rainwater, and came out for a little nocturnal recreation, or whether he was looking for something or somebody, (as I shiveringly supposed) we never found out. He merely wandered around awhile, and then disappeared under the floor in the cistern, according to Uncle Johnnie.

Although Father and Mother laughed at the idea of ghosts, it was really very thrilling to think that we lived in a house where there was, or had been, one. I had an experience with him myself, (I think after a piece of mince pie). Anyway, there he was,





a man with a bloody cap, crossing the bedroom quietly in the moonlight. Having been taught to be fearless, I crept out of bed and after him until he slipped from my gaze beneath the waters in the cistern. Then I saw something bright on the water—the bag of jewels for which he had been murdered, without a doubt. It was so near that I grabbed for it—thereby bumping my head on the side of my bed and waking myself up!

We lived in that house four years, and regularly used rain-water from the cistern, but aside from Uncle Johnnie and myself, nobody ever saw the ghost.

It was while living in Pilotsburg, which was an Adventist settlement, that an incident occurred I have never told before. I was a young child—probably four years of age—and the experience was so awe-inspiring and completely overwhelming that I was always reluctant to speak of it.

There had been continuous talk among the Adventists of the coming of the end of the world. It made a deep impression on me, sensitive child that I was, and I thoroughly believed in the quick arrival of the Day of Doom. Having had no experience of anything of the sort, I had no fear and was happily able to escape the dread that oppressed some of the older minds.

The women of the Adventist Settlement had made ascension robes, ready for their being taken up into Heaven. No robe was made by my mother, for she pointed out that the Bible told her no man knew the day or hour. I saw several of the other women's robes, however, and the time came when I felt the need of one for myself.

I had never heard of an eclipse of the sun and I doubt if the women in the Settlement had any more knowledge of it than I had. On this particular day the men were all away from their homes. It must have been an occasion which took most of the grown folks away, for there was no one at our house except myself and a hired girl by the name of Amelia. She spoke very little Eng-





lish, and when excited lapsed into her native German, speaking so rapidly it was quite unintelligible to me.

I was playing out in front of the house when my attention was called to women shrieking, shouting and probably praying. Faces were turned upward and hands lifted skyward. I looked toward the heavens but could see nothing unusual so watched the women gather on a little knoll in their long white ascension robes. It must have been about noon but I suddenly became aware that it was getting dark, and that the sun was being obscured by a great brownish shadow. The chickens had all gone to roost, and the cows were lowing in the barnyard. Meanwhile, the unearthly darkness was spreading.

My shrieks brought Amelia from the house. She had not been much interested previously in the Adventist predictions, but now she accepted them at their fullest value, falling to her knees and praying loudly in her most unintelligible (to me) German. Up on the hill we could see the little band of women and children, now all of them robed in white. They were kneeling with uplifted hands. In a frenzy I shouted to Amelia that *we* had no ascension robes and therefore would not be taken to Heaven. I was terror-stricken at the idea. Then a bright thought came to me. I told Amelia we could get our night-dresses—they were as white as good washing and Iowa suns could make them—and maybe God would take us. It gave poor Amelia a ray of hope.

Into the house we rushed, and I found my best white nightie. Amelia had unhesitatingly borrowed Mother's best one, and very quickly and jerkily we attired ourselves. Neither of us stopped to wonder what the angels would think of my little homespun dress underneath my ascension robe, nor of Amelia's kitchen apron beneath hers.

I ran into the yard shouting to Amelia to follow, but looking around, could not see her. I rushed back into the house, yelling her name wildly, for I did not want to be alone on such a mo-







AMELIA  
Our German Maid





mentous occasion. She was nowhere to be found, and for the moment I was certain she had already made her ascension.

Outside I saw that something strange was occurring. Looking up to the knoll where the little group of the faithful waited, I saw a ray of golden light shining on them. Could it be the angelic chariot? Then suddenly I realized that it was sunlight. Unaccountably the sun was reappearing and in a short time day was with us again.

The white-robed figures slowly, one by one, left the hill, and I searched everywhere for Amelia, but without success. My parents came home shortly afterwards, anxious about me and the fright they knew I must have had. Then, to my bewilderment but great relief, Amelia appeared. She had hidden herself in the hope of escaping what appeared to be impending doom.

Afterwards I heard Daddy and Mother talking of "the eclipse", which was explained to the children, for they had both understood the happening as soon as the first rays of darkness began. And now, to this little journal, I have confided the one occurrence never before talked of: the story of how nearly Amelia and I came to be taken up into Heaven!





## CHAPTER VII

It must have been about four years that we stayed on the farm near Pilotsburg before Father again grew restless. No doubt the spirit of pioneering was in his blood. Always there were greener pastures farther on. It was a spirit which made light of dangers and difficulties and idealized the advantages. Before such a spirit, the dangers and difficulties were overcome, and the advantages were realized, and those advantages have, in many cases, remained to bless children's children.

In the case of our little family, the boys were getting large enough for Father to feel that he must get into some place where there would be more opportunities for them. In his ambition for them, they must not only be self-supporting when grown, but he wanted each one to have a farm of his own whereon he could be "independent". It was a popular aim in those days.

At that time there was considerable talk of free land and *good* land that might be had in Kansas. Father was a popular man in his community and the Adventists all looked up to him, so it was not difficult for him to persuade three or four families of that belief to join in the move to "the West." Some of them, however, for various reasons, did not go with us but came later. The determination to go must have been made in the spring of 1869, and at once began great preparations.

The other families sold their farms, made all plans, and worked out the many details necessary to secure the few comforts that were to be had, and the safety needed. The rifle was as much a part of the equipment as was the skillet and lid, for not only was it a defense against enemies, but it was (or would be) often the sole means of obtaining food.

We were in the southeastern part of Iowa, and all across that

## CHAPTER VII

It was not long after the first of the year that the  
first of the winter storms came. The wind was from the  
north, and the rain fell in torrents. The people of the  
city were not prepared for it, and the streets were  
flooded. The houses were not built to stand such  
storms, and many of them were damaged. The people  
were not used to such weather, and they were not  
prepared for it. The first of the winter storms came  
on the first of the year, and it was a very bad one.

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KORB FAMILY IN PILOTSBURG, IOWA (1868)





THE BROWN FAMILY, 1880

great state, and through the corner of Missouri and the small portion of Nebraska we were to traverse, there were settlements, and in some cases, prosperous towns through which we would pass, so that provisions and fresh food could be purchased, but there were wild stretches in between, and after we reached Concordia, in Eastern Kansas, it would be pioneering pure and simple.

Our father was what the Scotch call "forehanded." Instead of selling all the wool from his sheep, as did some of the others, he found a weaver who came with his loom and set it up in our house. The sheep were shorn and my mother and the weaver together spun a vast quantity of yarn. Then there was the sound of the loom, and bolts and bolts of cloth were turned out. I am not sure that Mother actually did any weaving, but she did spin miles of yarn. That hand loom would be a curiosity of primitive days if it could be set up and exhibited today. It turned out blankets, and cloth for clothing—good cloth, solid and durable. Our little family probably went to Kansas better clothed than most of the individuals starting on that migration.

Much of the details of preparation escape me, but I remember the piles of dried peas and beans and dried peaches and apples. Added to these were jellied and preserved and canned fruits put up by our mother, who was very progressive. There were also large crocks of pickled cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, beans, and what-have-you. Left-overs nearly always found their way to the pickle crocks. We had bees, so there was honey in abundance to accompany us, something that few travellers had.

Besides food, were stores of home-prepared medicines: dried watermelon seed and pumpkin seed; the dried leaves of sage and mint; slippery elm bark; and salves such as goose-grease and mutton tallow. The Adventists did not believe in using medicine to any extent, but treated every ailment with either hot or cold water. Father and Mother, however, used their home remedies. Fresh, unsalted butter was one of them. Pioneer women could not afford to be squeamish, so when brother Walter, chopping wood, accident-





ally split open his finger, Mother had to be the doctor. She carefully placed the two edges together, encased it in a lump of fresh butter (she was churning), bound it tightly, and in due time it was entirely healed, leaving only a very small scar.

Part of Father's preparation was to find a dog that he could train, or that was already trained, to give the alarm if marauding Indians or unwelcome stragglers approached camp or home. He was fortunate enough to secure a sturdy and intelligent frontier dog, probably of no breed to speak of, but with rare intelligence, endurance and faithfulness. We named her "Queen" and she became the almost constant companion, friend and protector to my little brother Stephen and myself.

Queen was given credit for many successful adventures and rescues in connection with the intrusion of venomous snakes, for she killed many rattlers. She would grab them close to the head before they could prepare to strike, and then shake them until they were dead. Queen was a good judge of character, too. There were a few men in our community whom she disliked, and she would always stop them before they got to the house. If one should happen to elude her vigilance, she would rush after him and nip him on the legs. Nobody was ever willing to brave her displeasure twice.

We had another dog, a Shepherd, whom we called "Sheppie." Sister Rose says she remembers him. Mother talked to him like she did to the children and was sure he understood. We are positive that this faithful friend saved Father's life on one occasion. Father was sleeping in the shade of a tree when a strange dog, afflicted with rabies, came at him. Sheppie went to the rescue while Father escaped. The mad dog also fled. In about ten days our dog disappeared, and we never saw or heard of him again. We had a theory that Sheppie knew the danger, and went away in order that no evil might befall us. Poor, dear, faithful Sheppie of blessed memory! It was like losing a member of the family—as indeed he was.





I am sorry not to be able to recall all the details of our move from Washington, Iowa, to Bull City (now Alton), Kansas. It is merely a confused and pleasant memory, for every child likes the excitement and seeming confusion of moving.

Of the families who had decided to make the change, only two went with us, the others coming later, as I have said. So, with ourselves, there were three families and six wagons in our "train" (as it was called). The men, for the most part, rode horseback. The women and older children, in the wagons, must have done considerable driving.

The going was slow, altho there were no difficult roads except probably at the fords and hilly places. We had with us, however, considerable livestock, cows and horses especially, which had to be kept moving by the men on horseback; and naturally it was best for their progress to be unhurried. They must be in good condition when they arrived at our destination, and so have time for grazing on the way.

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One of the families in our party was that of Jacob Adams. It consisted of the parents, three boys and two girls. Alice was the oldest, and I thought her quite a grown-up young lady. Sissie was the youngest. In between was William Allen, John Quincy, and Asa Cornelius. According to my recollection, Mrs. Adams was an invalid, and sat most of the time in a rocking chair. In modern times the "sitters" are not necessarily invalids, but in those strenuous days they were. Mrs. Adams was a strong character, and from her rocking-chair throne ruled her family with a rod of iron.

Alice, eighteen, was the real home maker, as far as work was concerned, and perhaps that is one reason why she seemed so old to me. I recall how Mrs. Adams disciplined the boys when they became unruly. She would call out: "You, John Quincy Adams, you come here. John Quincy, bring that whip. John Quincy, you kneel." And John Quincy (or whoever needed "attending to") would kneel obediently and take his "hiding."

Eventually the Adams family took up a claim and established





a farm-home about half a mile west of our place. Jake Adams built the first hewn-log house in that part of Kansas. I saw it when I returned to Alton in 1930. It is still standing and occupied. There were no termites—the modern terrorists—in the cottonwoods. The Adams family proved good neighbors for years, and between Alice and myself there sprang up a great friendship, despite the difference in age, and the responsibilities which burdened her young life.

The other family which accompanied us was named "Rousseau" (spelling not guaranteed). There was a father, mother, two boys and one girl, whom I remember distinctly. The boys were ten and twelve respectively. The girl, Laura, was fifteen and very pretty. The elder boy was "Joe" and the younger, I think, was "Bud." It was this family which slowed up our journey with the one ox-team in the train.

All of our party were Adventists, so we held short religious services twice a day. Every morning, before breakfast, all gathered to listen to a chapter from the Bible, and to have prayer. At night the services were always longer, and Daddy usually led. Sometimes the women offered prayer at these night meetings, but the men always prayed in the morning.

Of course we did not travel on Saturday, the Adventist Sabbath, that day being devoted to rest, meditation and prayer. All work was done on Friday so that there would be very little stirring about on Saturday. We moved out of camp on time Sunday mornings, however, and made our usual distance of fifteen to eighteen miles, if nothing unusual prevented. It was simply a change in the calendar.

Our wagons were well loaded, there being just room for the women and children to sleep in them. The men slept outside, or in small tents. The spare wagons were loaded to the top with household furniture, farm implements, food supplies, including garden and field seeds, and crates of chickens.





We started from a point about thirty miles west and slightly south of Muscatine, Iowa, and travelled in a westerly, slightly southerly direction across the state of Iowa, thence southward and nearly across Kansas, stopping at a point in the northern and western part of the state. While the distance was not very great, considered in terms of modern travel, in those days, and with our mode of transportation, it marked a long journey from a rather thickly-settled region to the very frontier of agriculture and settlement. It moved us from a well-populated district out into the wilds; from civilization to the dangers and hardships of pioneering; from peace and well-ordered routine, to a place where we became acquainted with Indians and buffalo and adventure.

On this journey we passed through Farragut, Iowa, where Mother's uncle, Major Coy, lived with his family. Uncle Coy owned extensive land holdings there, so much so that he gave to his children 160 acres each when they came of age. The size of his holdings may be imagined when we consider that he had six children (four boys and two girls) and that after this division he still had a large farm for himself.

But Major Coy was Scotch, and he had the frugal notion that his boys must work (as *he* had had to do) for what they would have. I recall hearing Clay, one of the four sons, complaining about too much labor. He wanted to go somewhere on pleasure bent, but the tasks had to be completed first.

Clay went around grumbling: "Well, if Father would just sell a little piece of his land he would have the money to hire something done instead of expecting us to do everything." But complaint did him no good. He had to finish his work before he was free to spend time on amusement!

We stopped several days with this interesting family, resting our stock, making such repairs as were necessary to our equipment, buying what supplies were needed, and, in general, getting our train in good shape for the journey yet before us to the south and west. I think it must have been here that Father found our dog,





Queen, of which I have already spoken. I know that from this point on, Queen was the almost-constant companion of Stephen and myself, both on the journey, and when we had arrived at our new home.

Farragut was an important town in the extreme southwestern part of Iowa, on the direct line of our journey from east to west. In a few days we started on. I cannot remember what appears to me now to be the most important incident of that westward trek: the crossing of the Missouri River, and there is no one, now living, whom I can ask. Quite clearly in my mind is the memory of a ferry boat, controlled by large ropes or cables, and just as distinct is the fear I had of that dark, muddy water.

It may be that we actually turned north from Farragut, going from there to Council Bluffs, where we stayed a few days before we crossed the river to Omaha. However, somewhere we *did* cross, seeming thereby to cut ourselves off completely from the world in which we had previously lived.

In my mature days I have wondered at the heroism which caused gentle women, like my mother, and men with nothing but a shotgun between their loved ones and danger, to brave a new trail and to cut out a new life from the unknown wilderness. They must have been brave to start with, and they became efficient and resourceful as experiences piled up. Besides, they had youth, which loves adventure, and most of them had children for whom they sought better opportunities. Such were the families who crossed the muddy Missouri, and such were the three households represented in our little train.



## CHAPTER VIII

We finally arrived at our destination in what was called "Western" Kansas, although a modern geography would show it more nearly as north central. It was, however, to the westward of that part of the state which had been settled between 1854 and 1865.

I shall never forget the April day Father drove his covered wagon into Bull City, Osborne County, Kansas. Why every tiny settlement was called a "city" I cannot imagine, unless it was that the residents envisioned its future. Bull "City" consisted of one completed log house, and one in the course of construction! The one fully built was the home and store together of the city's founder, General Hiram Bull, who had won his rank in the late Civil War, on the Union side.

He was not only the founder of a settlement which has grown into a town of considerable size (now called "Alton") but was one of the men Kansas has had cause to be proud of. Many years later he served as Representative and then as Senator from Kansas in our national capital, and his home town has erected a monument to his memory.

That April day in 1870, however, held no hint of a glorious future for either the "city" or its founder. Coatless and hatless he hastened out of his long, low, log-cabin store to greet the new arrivals. One moment he appraised the dust-covered little party and then smilingly and cordially welcomed us, as only General Bull could do. Mrs. Bull, stout and cheerful, was so happy to see another white woman, that she wept for joy as she and my mother met.

The General instantly took a liking to my little brother, Steve, whose curly tow head was nearly the color of his own white-haired one. Afterwards, when we became better acquainted, he liked to joke about the resemblance. When travellers, passing through Bull





City, would inquire: "Is this old General Bull?" he would instantly reply: "The *old* General, yes, but this" (patting Steve on the head) "is the *young* General."

There were half a dozen men lounging in front of the store, and they stared at us with friendly interest. After a few questions and answers, Daddy announced that he wanted to take up a claim in that locality. There was general assent and approval. From that moment he was a popular man.

One of the loungers immediately stepped forward and asked what his plans were as to living quarters. As he had none, this man said he owned the half-completed log house, and if Father wanted to move his family in, he was welcome. Such was the hospitality of the west. The man was Lyman T. Earl, who became a life-long friend of the Korb family.

Needless to say, Father accepted Mr. Earl's offer. The logs had been raised, and the side walls finished, but it was still unroofed. Father hustled us all out of the wagon, and quickly set to work on the house. With volunteer assistance, he constructed a roof out of the big wagon sheets, and what other canvas we had. Doors and windows were made of the same material, and before night came on we had moved in. The wagon had been unpacked, and we had the joy of once more seeing our belongings around us.

We had been camping so long it seemed like real luxury to be indoors once more. We were all healthy and rugged, and the trip, while at times filled with hardship, had been quite joyous for the most part. We had been happy around our little campfires at night; contented with the many comforts we felt we possessed, and rejoicing in the hopes we all cherished, according to our age and disposition. Often conversation lagged, and we would "build our castles in Spain" as we watched the campfire embers.

The boys had stood night watch, for there were many straggling parties of Indians who always pretended they were peaceful and merely out on hunting trips. If parties of different tribes met each other, there was likely to be a fight, and some of the Indians





would be killed or badly injured. Not often did they molest white people, at the time of our westward trek, as had happened earlier in pioneer history, but they needed watching. Generally they could be counted upon to steal anything left unguarded. They were great beggars, and when permitted would hang around camps or homes, waiting for a chance to pick up something.

None of the men went anywhere without being armed, and Daddy always carried his carbine with him on trips either long or short. In this connection an incident occurred that gave us all a great thrill, and provided us with many needed things. It happened the very day we arrived at Bull City.

Everybody was working hard to get us settled down before night. Along in the afternoon, Daddy put a water barrel in the wagon, to be filled at the creek about half a mile away. I got permission to go, and we took my little brother Steve. Lastly, Father put his carbine in the wagon, and we rode over the rolling prairie, which was then so new to us. At the little creek, he gave the horses a good drink, then filled our water barrel, and we started back home again.

While we were going around the shoulder of a small hill, Daddy stopped the horses, motioned me to silence, and thrust the lines into my hands, whispering to me to hold the horses tight. Then he silently slipped to the ground, took his carbine, and crept a few feet to the brow of the little hill. What was my surprise to see a huge buffalo coming towards us. Father fired his gun, the horses plunged once but did not try to run, and Daddy quieted them. The great beast fell at the single shot.

Although it had all happened in about the time it takes to tell it, Steve and I were wildly excited, and managed to communicate our excitement to the people at the settlement. The buffalo was immense, but the more experienced men in the neighborhood said it was comparatively young. It proved to be quite fat.

All the men joined in helping. We had plenty of fresh meat, which everybody enjoyed. Most of the meat, however, was cut into



strips of about two pounds. Through each piece was thrust a sharp stick. Then it was ready to be smoked. Our mother was not only very thrifty, but she was capable. She took charge of the job of frying out the fat, every bit of which was used in moulding candles. The tallow dried out very hard, and it was a welcome addition to our store. The hide was pegged on the ground, stretched tight, Indian style, and the hot spring suns soon perfected the tanning. That robe, with many subsequent ones, was in our family for many years.

Mother came to the country afraid of Indians, as every other white woman was, and this section of the state, having been Indian territory not so many years before, might well have been the scene of terrible atrocities, although it never was in our day. We understood that hostile Indians might attack at any time, so when Mother heard a stealthy step, the next morning before daylight, she lost no time before investigating. It proved to be a neighbor, Barney Gow, leaving us a hind quarter of buffalo meat, trying to leave it quietly, before we were up.

It was the first such kindness but not the last. We were brought many things that our new neighbors thought we might be in need of, until we formed a very favorable impression of the people in the district. In fact, many warm friendships began with our arrival and ended only when death or removal parted us, many years later.

Ours was the only complete family to arrive at Bull City for some time. The men of our party had left their families at a small town, forty or fifty miles to the east. With camping equipment and other necessities, they had come through with us, to locate claims and prepare some sort of housing before going back after their wives and children. In this way they hoped to save the weaker members of the train from much hardship.

All of this was pointed out to Mother, but she insisted on staying with her men. "They need me," was her answer, and how





truly they did! Nothing could better exemplify the bravery and loyalty of the pioneer woman.

At the time my imaginative child mind was recording these impressions, history had no place in my life. I was like prehistoric men, who, when they first began to draw pictures on cave walls, represented only the doings of the family, not the tribe. Only the happenings in my own household or among our most intimate friends recorded themselves on my plastic memory. Since then I have come into an appreciation of what our coming to Kansas—and the coming of other families—meant to the upbuilding of the state; and what place the state came to occupy as part of the great United States. I have since studied American history, but in those years, especially the ones beginning with our arrival in Kansas, we were destined to help *make* that history. It is an awesome thing as I look back upon it, but to the hardy young pioneers who undertook the task, it was merely the working out of their destiny.





## CHAPTER IX

It was while we were living at Bull City—the Kansas town with two houses—that the “Indian Mule” incident occurred.

The buffalo were coming down past our place about twice a week; frequently making the journey on Saturday, across the hill and down to the river for water. They were rarely molested, but we had fresh buffalo meat at any time we wanted it for two years.

Mother was always fearful of Indian raids, and she seemed never to sleep. We had plenty of firearms, and our menfolk were all good shots and utterly fearless, but Mother worried over surprise raids. Early one morning she heard what sounded like buffalo coming down to the river, though they rarely moved at night unless disturbed. Daylight was approaching. Quietly she slipped out of the house and traced the disturbance to the horse corral. She crept nearer, until able to see what the trouble was, and then hurried back into the house and roused Father. Strangely enough, he had heard nothing.

“There must be Indians near,” she whispered, “because there’s a mule outside the corral with an Indian saddle on its back.”

Quickly but quietly Daddy and the older boys took their loaded carbines from the hooks and slipped out into the gray morning light. I was thrilled beyond description, and it was with difficulty that Mother restrained me from going with the menfolks. On Daddy’s whispered orders, the boys spread out and scouted around, but no Indians were seen. Queen, my dog, unfailing on Indian scents, gave no sign, but there was the mule at the corral, hobnobbing with our horses.

The boys were master hands with stock, so with little trouble they caught the mule, which did not seem particularly wild. On his back was a crude, rawhide blanket, which was recognized as



an Indian saddle. Around his neck was a piece of rawhide thong. They cut off the hide and found the animal's back was raw where he had rolled on the sand and dirt that had gathered under the saddle—as if the saddle had not been removed for some time.

We never found out where he came from, and so, in course of time, he was counted among our work stock, and a valuable addition he was, too. I have often wondered if he had belonged to some Indian killed in battle with an opposing tribe. Perhaps the mule had wandered a long way to pick our corral for a home. But we gave him an English name. Someone called him "Charley," so "Charley" he was to the last day he lived.

As a saddler I frequently rode Charley without difficulty, for he was a wonderfully intelligent, docile and likable beast. At least to us. He had his dislikes, though, and when mounted by anyone who was not a favorite the would-be rider was promptly unseated. The boys got great fun out of his antics. I always thought they schemed to get riders for Charley. One of our neighbors, a plump man and an Adventist, mild of manner and unsuspecting, had at least three tries and scored three ignominious failures.

Charley's method was to give a little jump, bunch his four small feet, arch his back, lower his nose to the ground, and land rigidly. Very naturally the would-be rider was off and down on the grass. Then Charlie would relax his great muscles, put his big ears forward, and look innocently down at his victim as if to say: "Why! How in the world did you get down there on the ground?" We witnessed this on several occasions, but never with so much enjoyment as when our Adventist friend, Manuel Pierce, tried to ride Charley—and could not.

We had always known something of Indians. I think those in Iowa were the Winnebagoes and the Sioux. The Winnebagoes were peaceful, and did not molest the whites. On the other hand, the Sioux were always to be dreaded, being a treacherous and cruel



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tribe. I recall many stories about them, some at least of which I must have heard in later years. They were deadly enemies of the harmless Winnebagoes, and the latter frequently appealed to the whites to protect them against the Sioux. Finally, the Winnebagoes left that part of Iowa and went back to Minnesota, where the Sioux could not follow them, and where there was no more danger of Sioux war parties always out under the guise of hunting.

The Kansas Indians—or those that we saw—were Pawnees, Omahas and Otoes. It was said that the Indians followed the trails and migrations of the buffalo and other game. To me, however, they were all “just Indians” and people to be feared. I have since thought that Mother’s dread of them affected my attitude, and her feeling may have been the result of hearing it said that “Kansas is an Indian country; it is not for white people.”

At one time when a party of the Otoe tribe were going across our part of the country, four Indians stopped at our house: a buck and his squaw, a son and daughter. They had come from a reservation east of us, and were on a hunting trip. The young girl had evidently gone to school, for she understood everything we said to her. She would not speak a word to us, but told her parents what we were saying. The young buck squatted on the floor, and twice spat carelessly. When his sister noticed, she berated him fiercely, and he looked much crestfallen.

This family was begging food, and we were afraid not to give it to them, so Mother cooked meat and corn bread. The old squaw had her blanket wrapped around her, and in the course of the meal kept slipping things into this blanket until she had all the silver with which the table had been set, and a lot of the corn bread. When the young squaw saw what was going on, she spoke to her mother, but the old woman frowned and shook her head. Then the girl appealed to her father, and the man became angry and scolded his mate soundly. The poor old woman began to cry, and finally put all the things back on the table.

The whole family had an apologetic air, so Mother gave them





the corn bread and other food, and they departed, greatly to our relief.

When I was older, I heard many Indian legends, one of which was that they were coming to reclaim the territory at Great Spirit Springs, near Cawker City, a short distance to the east of us. Then there was the usual legend about despairing lovers. I was told there are literally hundreds of "Lovers' Leaps" where despairing Indian maidens, or lovelorn braves, have thrown themselves off high cliffs because their love was unrequited, or the parents objected. As I know now, the latter story can be discounted. In fact, it is rather funny, as Indian lads and lassies are quite independent about their love affairs.

In the case of the Great Spirit Springs, the pair of lovers were said to have leaped into the waters, there being no precipices high enough for suicide within many miles. The spring was located on a high piece of ground, but it was level. There were tales that the depth of the hole had never been plumbed. The water was a bit brackish, contained sulphur and iron, and was not very good to drink, though one could soon get accustomed to it. Undoubtedly it had great medicinal qualities, as reputed.

There must have been considerable pressure below, as the water was always in motion, splashing and bubbling, a very pretty sight. Naturally this gave rise to the legend of the restless spirits of the despairing Indian lovers. I have always thought there may have been some foundation for the "restlessness of the spirit" as all the Indians I knew were not particularly fond of water—at least not for bathing.

Of course, some enterprising American capitalized the story and built a hotel there. "The Springs" became one of the numerous health resorts, and the ill-smelling and ill-tasting water was bottled and sold far and wide at an extravagant price.

In any event, the Indians did *not* return to reclaim their lost territory and the scene of the lovers' tragic death. All the time I was growing up we had rumors of Indian uprisings, and scares





every-so-often, but in reality we never had any trouble with the Indians save their persistent begging and stealing if we allowed them to stay around the place.

Among the many tales of Indian scares is one of Mrs. Bull. She and her husband, founders and first settlers of Bull City, had welcomed us with open arms, both literally and figuratively. She was so happy to see another white woman, and to know that Father and Mother and the children had come to stay (not merely passing through Bull City) that tears of joy had run down her dear fat face. She and my mother were the only women in the settlement for many months, so naturally we all became good neighbors and fast friends.

It was before we arrived that this incident of the Indians occurred. Mrs. Bull was afraid to stay in camp alone while her husband hauled supplies for his new store, but fatigue compelled her to remain on this particular day. Fearful that she would fall asleep in the tent and so be a plain target for marauding Indians, she decided to hide in the thick brush growing along the banks of the Solomon River.

Almost the entire day passed without cause for alarm. About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, as she lay resting on her blanket, there came the sound of many voices, murmuring, and then the patter of footsteps on the hard ground. Mrs. Bull was afraid to move, lest a breaking twig would reveal her presence to the murderous band, but her heart pounded so loudly she was sure they would hear. At last, after what seemed like an interminable time, the voices retreated. When she was positive they were not coming her way, she rose quietly and peered through the bushes—at a large drove of wild turkeys, making their way to the river for water!

Some of the "scares," however, had no such amusing outcome. There was the one, for example, of the Indian grave. It had been uncovered accidentally in quarrying rock. In a country without daily newspapers, almost anything served for neighborhood gossip,





so the fame of the grave, and the relics found within, soon spread. Many were the guesses as to how long it had been there; the circumstances of burial, etc., but interest finally died down, as there were no answers to the riddle.

Months afterward, a tribe of Indians from one of the reservations camped near the spot. They were out on a hunting foray, and stopped to pay honor to this grave, where lay the bones of an important and beloved chieftain. We can, perhaps, imagine their surprise and indignation when they found it had been disturbed.

Reservation Indians always had a white man as interpreter and counsellor, and he labored with them all night, at their pow-wow, to prevent their going on the warpath. Finally he persuaded them to break camp in the morning, and move on, but for weeks every settler went armed and ready for an Indian outbreak.

The site of this grave was south of Alton (once "Bull City") across the river, near the grist mill owned and operated then by Wallace Bush and Hugh Whitney. It was on the side of a steep hill, made up of several kinds of rock that was valuable for dam-building, and for other helpful uses in a flat country, where rock was at a premium.

On yet another occasion a "scare" was caused by misunderstanding. One day word came to us that the Indians were very near, for two men, out hunting above Stockton, had escaped from a band only by cutting their horses loose from the wagon and riding horseback. With true heroism, they stopped at every farmhouse to warn the occupants. In one family, there was a death, but the terrified Paul Reveres advised them to leave the body without burial and save themselves by getting to the town of Osborne as quickly as possible. Another rancher, Ed Ives, begged a place in our wagons for his family, as he had no wagon of his own. Altogether, it was a much frightened community.

The next day, an explanation came from our soldiers, to whom the chief of the tribe had apologized. It seems that a few of the younger Indians were out hunting, and seeing two men in a wagon,





going leisurely across the prairie, galloped toward them to beg some tobacco. Their motive was entirely innocent, but when they saw that the whites were really afraid, they rode after them a little way, thinking it great fun. Their old chief, when he learned of the matter, considered it anything but a joke, especially since the two white men had alarmed all the other white settlers of the region. Without delay he took the young scamps, with their interpreter, to the soldiers, who were the police of the frontier region. His explanation and apology doubtless saved much serious trouble between Indians and whites.

The world war, which cost so much in human misery, had a few lessons for us in the greater understanding which it bred. Rich men and poor men, laborers and white-collared employees; black and white, red and white, all discovered that they were men with the same feelings. Differences of color and creed all disappeared under common experiences and common needs.

To me, it was a very significant fact that American Indians made brave and dependable soldiers for the very Uncle Sam who had, in some cases, so mistreated them; and that they marched side by side, in a common cause, with white men whose pioneer ancestors had fought and misunderstood them, just as *their* ancestors had resented and periled the onrushing white civilization.



## CHAPTER X

As soon as we had set up our abiding place in the unfinished house at Bull City, Father selected the piece of government land he wanted and filed on it. He had never before used his homestead right, and it gave the family a sense of permanence and security. This was to be HOME.

It was perhaps six months after our arrival in Kansas that the new split-log house was completed on our claim of 160 acres, and we moved in. What joy it must have been to our parents, the fruition of years of planning! Daddy had discovered lime-rock, had built a kiln, filled it with these rocks, and built a fire. After burning for several days, he had lime for plastering, the first settler in that part of the country who enjoyed such a luxury. The earliest log houses built in that region were chinked with mud that became very sticky with rain or snow. Spaces between the logs of our house were filled with pieces of wood, and then plastered. This insured us walls that were tight and warm against the blizzards which in the cruel winters swept across the prairies.

Another luxury was an immense fireplace. Fortunate was it for us that Father understood the trade of stone-cutting. He cut the rock and built the fireplace, which was always a great pleasure as well as comfort to us as a family. No modern heating system has quite the cheerful effect of a fireplace; and no modern, would-be-imitation fireplace in an up-to-the-minute home can compare with the big, old-fashioned fireplace in its power to lighten the spirits, and create a jolly atmosphere among the fortunate dwellers and guests in such a house.

For a time we lived well on our new farm. Father had plenty of help. Brother Louie and Brother Walter were now in their teens, and Uncle Johnnie, a few years older, had come to us with





his sisters, Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Cal, when Grandmother McCalister had died. Aunt Cal married, and Aunt Lizzie had gone to live with her, but Uncle Johnnie had migrated with us from Iowa to Kansas.

Father, Louie, Walter and Uncle Johnnie plowed and cross-plowed a plot of ground, and by special treatment and care we soon had a nice garden coming on. For some reason, the sod-breaking was done with oxen. The buffalo grass sod was turned up in great flat, shallow slabs, and it took at least two years of plowing to get it ready for regular crops. Father planted it at the first turning in what they called "sod corn." This was done by taking a sharp stake, making a hole in the upturned sod, and into this dropping a few grains of seed corn. They walked along doing this. To cover the seed, they would then step on the hole, pushing the soil in with the foot.

Later, Father bought a corn-planter, operated by hand, and later still, one to which two horses could be hitched, but no subsequent crop ever held for us the breathless interest of this first one, put in by the crude stick-and-foot method. This did not produce good table corn, or much of an ear, but it grew a pretty good stalk and blades, which made splendid fodder for the stock.

Buffalo grass, thickly-matted and sweet-smelling, with short blades, usually not more than three inches tall, was a fine natural pasture. Both wild and domestic animals thrived on it. Our Indian mule, Charley, had doubtless lived on such food for a long time before he came to us, for he was in excellent condition, his coat shiny and sleek when he first appeared at our corral. It is the complete disappearance of buffalo grass (which anchored the soil) that is responsible for the destructive dust-storms of late years, in certain sections.

The virgin soil was black and productive, and our garden prospered. In addition, we discovered plenty of small game: wild turkeys, prairie chickens, and rabbits. Deer and buffalo could be had for the shooting, and antelopes were very abundant. They were





the last to leave before the on sweep of civilization. I can remember, as a little girl, standing before our house, watching herds of antelope scampering away in the distance. They could always be distinguished from deer, because their horns were shorter, they were smaller of body, and lighter in color. When excited, the manes on their hips would rise up (somewhat as a cat arches its back) and make a white ruff over their hips, silky and glistening in the sun. It was really a beautiful sight.

There was also an abundance of wood: elm, ash and cottonwood. Our fireplace was fed by the hardest wood we could find, such as elm, ash, and elder, cottonwood being too soft and burning out too fast. There were, in this part of Kansas, small areas of oak and black walnut, and, much farther off, cedar, but these were never burned. They were kept exclusively for building.

Mother cooked very little in the fireplace, only such things as corn-pone in the embers; baked beans in the Dutch oven, set over the hot ashes with hot coals on top of the lid; and buffalo quarters swung from the crane. Most of her cooking was done in a wood stove. Father and Mother were both very progressive, and managed to secure the latest in farming equipment, but household improvements were slow in arriving.

As the land gradually became more extensively cultivated, Father raised wheat and corn, buckwheat and millet, and other crops which could be disposed of for money. Also, we had an abundance of pumpkins, Hubbard squash, winter turnips, cabbage, and watermelons, all of them of marvelous flavor. Watermelons were very large, three or four times the size of the melons we see in markets today. All this was, of course, due to the fact that the virgin soil retained its mineral content, and passed it along to its first products.

Daddy was very popular throughout the district. His superior mental ability was generally recognized; his judgment was respected; and men came from great distances to consult him on business ventures. Although the entire country had been surveyed





by the Government before we arrived in Kansas, it was difficult to find the corner stones made by the Government sectional surveys. Buffalo grass had grown over the stones, its rank growth aided by the fact that the stones held moisture. In these soft, grassy nests, rattlesnakes bred in abundance. In the spring, the whole stone, grass and stubby bushes would be covered with Sensitive Plant, Wild Verbena, and other wild flowers, a brilliant carpet of color.

Father and the boys developed a rare skill at uncovering corner stones for incoming settlers, and helping them to locate their claims. This brought in a cash income and was most welcome. The fact that we were all healthy; that Daddy and Mother were so capable and resourceful; that he and all the family were industrious and steadfast, made us thrive and prosper in the new home we were making on the frontier.

Once Daddy and his party of settlers, for whom he was doing this surveying work, got confused as to direction and were in distress for water for themselves and horses. It was night when they saw campfires ahead. Daddy always used great caution, for if it proved to be Indians, they might be in danger of capture. On the other hand, campfires might belong to cattlemen or to soldiers. Daddy left his horse and the other men, and scouted around the camp on foot. Finally he crawled close enough to hear men singing, and to recognize them as soldiers.

Going back to the halting place, he mounted his horse, and rode boldly, at the head of his party; answered the sentry's challenge, and was admitted to the camp. He and his settlers were welcomed, fed, and soon were joining in the laughter and song around the campfires. Father was a great addition with his fine, baritone voice, and his popularity immediately increased. They asked for solos, with which he obliged them; and then began telling stories. The entertainment was at its height when an orderly appeared and sternly summoned him to appear at the tent of the commanding officer, a captain of cavalry.





Bewildered and troubled he followed the soldier. Had he seriously transgressed army rules? He had but meant to make himself agreeable in return for the kindness extended to himself and party. Should he have omitted the singing, talking, joking, storytelling? It had all seemed innocent enough.

The captain was heavily bearded, as was the fashion of the day, but he kept his face in shadow while asking numerous questions. He wanted Daddy's name, birthplace, where he had lived, and what his business was in that region. Also he inquired about his family, and all in so stern a voice that Father was more and more disturbed and apprehensive. Suddenly the captain burst out laughing and extended his hand.

"Korb," he said, "I've been trying for half an hour to get you to recognize me, and you won't."

It was a young doctor whom we had known in Washington, Iowa! The beard, and the unexpectedness of the meeting, the hour and the circumstances, had prevented Daddy from recognizing him. They had a grand reunion, and kept it up nearly all night.

Daddy was his guest until he left the next morning, and the Captain and his officers were visitors at our house many times after that. Our fireplace became the rallying spot for many a new, and many a renewed friendship, and our home, under Mother's cheerful supervision, the dearest and best place on earth.

It probably seems strange, to younger readers especially, that "fireplaces" and "campfires" are mentioned so often. In those days, however, there was no electricity to be had, and even kerosene lamps—as "old-fashioned" as they seem to us in 1939—had not come into use in our section of the country. We did have a few lanterns, for out-of-door use among the stock, but were required to be very saving of the oil, which was imported into the little settlement at an almost prohibitive price. Candle-light was our ordinary illumination, our resourceful mother moulding them out of buffalo tallow.





The next time you moderns decorate your daintily-set tables with candles, try to visualize us, at the family table in early-day Kansas, with our tall, buffalo-tallow candles, three at each end, in the cherished copper candlesticks.

Not only were the candle-holders of copper, but so were many of our cooking utensils: heavy and handsome, most of them wedding presents to our parents. Naturally, they were very highly prized, and were kept in a most immaculate state of cleanliness and shine. We never used them as mirrors but we could almost or quite have done so. How I admired them! And how, also, did I dread the scouring!

Never do I think of copper cooking utensils without recalling the story of Gene Whitney and Jeff Fetter. These two, with another young man by the name of Joe Campbell, owned a threshing machine, and went from farm to farm, the amount of wheat to be threshed determining the length of their stay. They were about finished on one farm when there came a call from a Mr. Green. It would be just a short job, so they decided to do it that night, by the light of the moon.

Mrs. Green was a good cook, and they enjoyed a bountiful chicken "supper," after which they went to work on the threshing with great energy, finishing by eleven o'clock. Pioneers were "early to bed and early to rise" so the boys were shown to bed on the Green premises. Breakfast was another delicious meal, with the left-over chicken as the chief dish, but for some reason Joe did not eat any chicken. Gene and Jeff ate heartily, and after breakfast the three drove to their next job.

By ten o'clock in the morning, both the boys were sick, and Joe took them to his home, which was not far distant, and summoned a doctor. *That* doctor called a second one, and after consultation the two learned gentlemen declared that it was "poisoning." "Ptomaine poisoning" (which no doubt it was) had never been heard of in our neighborhood. For five days the boys had spasms, and the whole countryside was greatly excited, the doctors



giving little hope of recovery. The question was, what had caused this sickness?

Some way the news leaked out that Mr. Green was a veterinary, and some of the more ignorant settlers jumped to the conclusion that he had put poison in their food. No one stopped to wonder what his motive would have been, but in those days, we were without benefit of the modern detective story. Matters went so far that they actually got up a lynching party, refusing to listen to the protests of the better element in the community. It was only that the boys were better, and, under the influence of an opiate, had gone to sleep "naturally" that saved the farmer's life.

They both recovered, and Mr. Green's descendants are in the country to this day, but he narrowly escaped the noose because some of our settlers had never heard of copper poisoning! It seems that Mrs. Green, quite innocently, had left the chicken in the copper utensil in which it had been cooked, inasmuch as she intended to treat the boys well by giving them a chicken breakfast. It was a mistake that *my* mother always scrupulously avoided.

As I look back to the things-that-might-have-been, I wonder at the intelligence of those pioneer women, and at the assorted knowledge they brought with them to the wilderness. We had no public libraries, no cultural advantages, such as clubs, radios, university courses, etc., things that are commonly enjoyed by housewives of today. The home library was very meager indeed, and cooking schools and educational classes were unheard of. Yet pioneer homes of the better sort were places of refinement, and the women from such homes were as variously accomplished as their better-taught sisters of today.





## CHAPTER XI

It was about two years after we arrived in Kansas that my teen-age brothers, Lou and Walter, secured the contract for carrying United States mail. How proud I was of them! And how proud they were to be working for Uncle Sam! A man named Jim Hughes brought the mail west from Cawker City to the post-office at Bull City, where General Bull, the postmaster, sorted it, locked the bags, and gave them back to Jim. Still on horseback, he crossed the Solomon River to our house, where he stayed all night. As soon as he reached our doorstep, Lou or Walter, with a fresh horse saddled and bridled, was ready to start with the locked mailbags the twenty miles west to Stockton, and back again the same night, so that Jim could be off first thing in the morning, on his eastern route.

It was a weekly trip, but once a week was quite often enough in those perilous times. Roads were not the broad highways we have now. They were the merest trails, and sometimes not even that. Poisonous snakes abounded in the buffalo grass of the prairie. In winter, we had storms and even blizzards. And always there was the fear of unfriendly Indians and of thieving whites. Mother never slept the night of their trip, but she would have a good breakfast ready for them, and cheerful comment, and I doubt if they ever knew of her all-night vigil.

The boys were very much delighted with their new job, and the fact that they were actually earning money. It was not long before they were taking their wagons out on the prairie, gathering up buffalo bones.

That seems like a strange occupation to us, but there were companies in the town of Russell, and in the town of Fort Hays, who paid a good price for clean, dry bones, shipping them east to





fertilizer factories. This was a way of securing ready money, for it was several years before farming brought in enough to supply all the family needs. The prairie had first to be subdued. We had to wrestle with such enemies as drought and flood; frost and blizzard; grasshoppers and prairie fires; thieving jackrabbits and Indians; and many another pest and pestilence, before we could depend upon harvesting crops fit for market.

When the boys started on these foraging trips, they would be gone several days, sleeping wherever night found them. Making camp was a matter of gathering brush for a fire, getting out the coffee pot and frying pan, then spreading the blankets under the wagons to ward off the chilly night dews.

On one particular occasion, the boys were exceptionally tired, and dropped off to sleep very quickly. It was bright moonlight, and all at once one of the horses became restless. He would go to a certain spot and kick, then run back to the wagon as far as his rope would allow. The commotion awakened Brother Lou, and he called to the others: "Get up. Something's wrong. Charley is trying to tell us."

It proved to be a monstrous rattlesnake, trying to make its way to their beds, doubtless attracted by the warmth of the campfire. The old fellow had fifteen rattles. It was said that they gain one rattle every year, though I cannot certify to this. I have seen snakes with twenty-five rattles.

On another bone-gathering expedition, Brother Lou took Charley (not the Indian mule of that name) and his mate Dolly, two beautiful sorrels. Walter had a span of bays. Joe Campbell and George Smith each had a team of his own, and the four boys, with four wagons and eight horses, set off very happily. Business proved to be good. The wagons were filled that day, but so busy were they that twilight caught them unaware.

That would not be such a tragedy in modern times, with a macadamized road to follow, and with headlights and flashlights to show them the way. But they were on the trackless prairie:





no lights, no roads, no houses, no water. The latter was the serious thing. They must camp where there was water for cooking, and for drinking for themselves and animals. Undaunted, they started off in the direction they supposed would lead to water, but in a short time realized that they were hopelessly lost.

The horses, pulling heavy loads, were already showing signs of exhaustion, so the four boys stopped for a conference. The night was cloudy, and not a star in sight. Then Brother Lou had an idea:

"We'll turn Charley loose. He'll find water. Everybody be ready to start when I get his harness off."

The horse, freed from his burden of harness and wagon, stood a moment, his nose in the air. Next, he turned around several times. At last, seeming to make up his mind, he started off at a fast trot, in the opposite direction to that in which they were going. Dolly, his mate, followed hard after, and the boys brought up the rear on horseback, having abandoned their wagons. The night was so dark they could only hear Charley's footfalls; they could not see him.

In less than half an hour, they heard him splashing in water, and they said it was the most welcome sound they had ever known. Brother Lou was confident that the sagacity of his horse had saved the lives of all of them, for they were wandering away from water instead of going toward it. Not being able to return to their wagons in the darkness, they tied the horses to themselves, and slept on the ground until daybreak.

Buffalo played an important part in our earlier pioneer life. We reached Kansas while immense herds were still plentiful. There were thousands of roving bands, and danger of what might happen if herds of any size should join and stampede. Our men-folk always went armed, not only for marauding Indians, and for hunting, but for buffalo as well. We did not kill them wantonly, but it was sometimes necessary for self-defense, and sometimes because we needed what they supplied.





We smoked the meat, or ate it fresh; made robes and rugs from the hides; and candles from the tallow. Mother was very adept at constructing mattresses which were soft, warm, and highly prized, using the wool that grew about the head and shoulders of the male buffalo. It was as soft as camel's hair, and meant great comfort for us. She made one mattress apiece for Louis and Walter, when they went to homes of their own, besides those in our own house. Many of the robes we used for floor coverings.

As might be surmised, there was quite a market for buffalo hides, smoked meat, tallow, and other products, and Father has hauled many a load to Russell, selling them for cash, which was most welcome.

Father had two adventures—or misadventures—with buffalo, and on both occasions narrowly escaped death.

In the first, he was out hunting, on horseback, with a party, when a herd was reported as having been seen some distance from our place. Father took up position near a group of trees in a creek bottom, while the other men circled out, starting a wide roundup. Shots were fired, and Father was waiting, when he spied a big buffalo bull approaching, evidently making for the timber. It was coming so slowly that Father knew it was wounded, so he slipped from his horse, took his carbine in hand, and walked out to give it a mercy shot.

He never knew what happened, but something went wrong, and his shot apparently missed. He had a theory that the buffalo stumbled just as he fired, and that he either missed it entirely, or wounded it slightly. At all events, the animal changed its course, and like a whirlwind, charged him at close quarters. Father sprang into a nearby tree, but the limb broke under his weight, and he fell almost under the enemy hoofs. The enraged buffalo tossed him on its horns several times, throwing him against a dead tree. He could not pick up his carbine, and was too badly hurt to get out of the way. Just as his death seemed inevitable, the buffalo toppled over dead, somebody's shot having at last taken effect.





It lay, a dead weight, on the precious gun, but Father was too stunned to fire the shots that would have brought the party to his aid. He fell beside the buffalo, and there the men found him, his clothing torn to shreds by the sharp horns, and blood clotting around his numerous wounds. It was a narrow escape, but they were hardy men, those pioneers, and his recovery was rapid, considering the seriousness of the attack.

The other encounter was not so dangerous and had, in fact, rather a humorous aspect. Daddy was driving to Russell with a wagonload of buffalo hides, tallow, smoked meat, and other products. The advantage of not having roads, as we have now, was that settlers went straight across the prairie to their destination, on a compass course, or "as the crow flies."

Coming up out of a draw, Daddy was surprised to see a dozen big buffalo bearing down upon him, running in a close huddle. They had evidently been chased by hunters, and were in the usual ugly mood when this was the case. Seeing the wagon and horses directly in their path, they slightly changed their course, and charged. Daddy stood up, yelling and whipping the frightened horses, which were bolting furiously, almost out of control, only the heavily loaded wagon acting as a brake.

Buffalo are awkward and lumbering animals but they have great speed. Charging in mass formation as they were, wagon and horses would have been bowled over and trampled in the onward rush, had Father not thought quickly. Pioneer men learned to be resourceful, and just as the foremost of the herd reached his head into the back of the wagon, Father turned the team down a steep hill that providentially appeared a little way out of his course.

It was said that buffalo cannot run fast down hill because so much of their weight is in their head and shoulders, and Father acted on this belief. The buffalo paused, as if bewildered at the escape of their prey. Stumbling about uncertainly, they finally abandoned the chase, and Father, much relieved, went on his way.



On the return trip from Russell, which was the railroad station, Father would bring back a load of merchandise for General Bull's store. Every trip meant the same danger from buffalo, thieving Indians, and other perils of a primitive country.

Even the little girl of the family was not immune from an adventure on the "boundless prairie." It was the summer we moved into our new home. One day I was running down to the river, wearing one of those unaccountable sunbonnets that all rural women and girls felt were indispensable. They were made of a black, cotton goods, a wide ruffle in the back to protect the neck from sun, and long slats of cardboard or bark strips inserted in the double covering of the material, to keep it stiff in front. If these got wet, the bonnet would flop over the face. The effect was the same as looking through a dark, deep tunnel.

With that blinder on, I might have run squarely into danger, but happily I looked up in time to see six huge buffalo bulls coming down to the river, toward me. They were swinging along in their usual lumbering fashion, and I could see that they were tired and in an ugly mood, ready to attack and gore, crush or trample any human being that came their way.

Fortunately for me, I had seen the whole valley covered with buffalo herds from time to time, and, naturally, we had observed them closely. I remembered that they have poor sight, their small eyes being half obscured by the woolly curls on their foreheads.

Taking advantage of this knowledge, I slipped aside, as far out of their field of vision as I could hurriedly get. Then I raced for home as I had never run before. Behind me the animals came at a fast gait, swerving from fences at the barn, and crossing straight through our wheat field. It was a wide swath they cut, and meant a loss to us in the days when every seed and every foot of cultivated ground had to count, but we offered thanks that it was the wheat they injured, and not the only little girl in the household.





## CHAPTER XII

It had been only fifteen years since the public school system of Kansas had been organized, and during that time the Civil War had taken the flower of Kansas youth. It was not until that unhappy strife was over, in 1865, that the state began to take real strides forward. Peace is always conducive to development. In the spring of 1870 our little family arrived in north central Kansas, and in the fall of 1872, we had our first experience of its schools.

In all, I had five dearly-loved teachers: John Babcock, Ellen Chamberlain, Bob Bennett, Nettie Post and Nettie Chamberlain. Much as we liked and respected each one, Bob Bennett made the greatest impression on my brothers. In spite of the lack of proper books and other school equipment, he laid the foundation for whatever education they gained in later years.

We were far away from bookstores, so each child took to school whatever literary gem had been preserved on the move westward. I proudly carried a McGuffey's Second Reader, but all of the children were not so fortunate. One little girl had only the almanac! In reading class, when we were called upon, we would read out of whatever book we owned. The subjects were quite varied, but I am not sure but that it added to the interest. Certainly it enlarged our understanding and our sympathies.

Someone who had greater advantages may say that it was a pity I had no speller. I can reply that I learned several things, in those pioneering days, that children of today have no opportunity of learning—and that *no one will ever have again*. Despite our handicaps, we were taught to read and write and figure. More than that, these pioneer teachers managed to kindle our ambitions so that, for most of us, school was only the beginning and not the end





of our "education." Any modern teacher who could do this would be regarded as quite a successful instructor.

We had almost no writing paper, and pencils were a great rarity. We had, however, something that modern children have never seen: slates and slate pencils. Their advantage was that we could erase what we had written and use the same space over and over. I shall never forget the squeak of slate pencils across the slate, nor the unclean rags and spittle that many of the children used to rub out what had been written! In spite of such unsanitary ways, however, we grew up strong and healthy. Some of us never scraped an acquaintance with Mr. & Mrs. Germ, and their fruitful progeny, until we ourselves were parents, with children in school. However, even then I appreciated the fact of being well-taught at home by intelligent parents.

Later on, there was an improvement in slates. Instead of the wooden frame, which made lots of noise on the wooden desks, we had slates with a red flannel border, which enabled them to be handled more quietly. Slates were, however, quite breakable, and since they cost money, which many of the farmers did not have in the first years, it was a calamity indeed for any child to break a slate. Now that paper can be manufactured so cheaply, I have often thought how blessed are modern children in conveniences and comforts, but the pioneer child developed character and resourcefulness with his hardships and *discomforts*.

Children went a long way to school in those days. We lived only about half a mile from the schoolhouse—an ugly little building, though we had no criticism of it. Today, looking at the young palaces which the taxpayers delight to build for schools, I wonder if these architecturally-perfect, and luxuriously-furnished edifices will produce the rugged qualities of character which our bare little schoolhouses encouraged. And when I see athletic looking young men thumbing rides to high school, I think of the mile or more that most of the children had to walk through all kinds of





weather. Some of them, alas, with inadequate shoes, and thin clothing.

After all, it was not the absence of soft seats and note books and school books that hampered our education so much as it was the weather. Kansas winters were very severe, and blizzards came upon us often. Stock had to be provided with plenty of food and safe shelter, for the storms were cruel, and people caught out on the prairie, without shelter, were almost certain to perish. We lost valuable portions of the school year by being unable to go back and forth on account of snow and ice. Modern children, with their good transportation, have no such difficulty. What a blessing a "school bus" would have been to us!

The only storm warnings we had came from two long-horn heifers that Daddy had acquired, and which were said to have come from Texas. They were of a breed that had been on the plains for many years. Experience had made that particular breed strangely alert, and by watching them, we could predict a storm to a certainty. They would turn in the direction from which it was coming, their heads high and their tails twitching and thrown over their backs. As they moved about uneasily they would bellow—and I well remember what a start of dread that dismal sound would give me. They could infallibly tell us of a blizzard several hours before it arrived.

I am told that these long-horned Texas cattle are not bred any more, and that the few still existing are always dehorned. This is an excellent precaution for the horns are so long and strong as to be quite dangerous. I have seen oxen pulling the mess-wagon with the yoke *on the horns* instead of on the neck, as is usual with other breeds. Often their horns were three and a half feet long, and six feet from tip to tip.

It seems strange that this breed should all be gone. In 1870 and at least until '73, thousands of these long-horned Texas cattle would be driven from Texas into Kansas for winter grazing, the climate being somewhat milder, and there being much more and





much better range in Kansas. No farmer attempted to buy feed for them during the winter, and while they were in good condition in the spring, after the fine Kansas grass had fed them during the cold months, they would be sold in huge droves.

I can remember seeing them being driven across the prairie. They were so timid that even a pile of stones in their path would start a stampede. An electric storm would do the job even more thoroughly, and it was indeed a thrilling sight. The wildest stampede I ever saw among them was started by an unexpected storm. They milled around in a circle, bellowing dismally, and jumping up on each other, their wicked-looking horns tossing dangerously. If one went down in the mad struggle, he was trampled to death. Only the strongest could survive.

Acting as if they were quite unafraid, the brave cowboys would ride their ponies into the herd, singing some herder song with a lot of rhythm to it. This acted as a lullaby, and soothed their nerves. When they would find that the herders were neither angry nor alarmed, they would gradually quiet down, and consent to be driven as usual.

On this particular occasion, one of the cowboys told me they had some wonderful dogs with them that could have quieted the cattle quicker and better than the men, but they had been travelling a great many days, and "the cattle had been unusually peevish on the trail." (These were his exact words). The dogs, in consequence, were in the supply wagon, even more worn out than the men, and, in addition, being treated for sore feet.

It was doubtless their timidity which made these cattle good weather prophets, and we usually heeded them, but one time a blizzard came while we were in school—eighteen children caught a long distance from home. Our teacher, Bob Bennett, watched the thickening storm a few minutes, and then took prompt measures to get us all home before darkness should settle, the winter days being very short and the banked clouds adding to the gloom.





Bob was so beloved and so idealized by his pupils that we were entirely obedient. We thought he knew everything. Soon he had us all hastily bundled into our coats, then he produced a long piece of small rope or large cord. This he laid out in a double row, and we were all told to stand in line. The larger boys were to lead. Bob tied the ropes to each of our wrists, one rope to the right wrist, the other to the left. In this way, we were in a long line, single file, and securely fastened to the pupils in front and behind, so that none of us could fall or get lost.

He explained that he was going to bring up the rear and drive us like a team. It would be just like playing a game. The boys entered into the spirit of the teacher, and this reassured the younger and more timid ones. There was no crying or whimpering. Children of those days knew that hardships had to be faced unflinchingly.

When we were all ready to start, the boys opened the door and a blast of wind swept a sheet of blinding snow in our faces. The snow was blowing from the north in an almost level sheet, and was so thick one could see scarcely a dozen feet. Whatever pathways there had been were covered, and the world we had known the day before was blotted out. But there was no faltering. The big boys in front broke a path for the smaller children who followed. The wind made it hard for us to keep on our feet—we could not, had we not been bound so firmly to each other with the rope. If the line showed a tendency to drift with the wind, Teacher Bob would give a pull on the line (to right or left, as necessary), at the same time shouting orders which reached the leaders in spite of the howling wind and beating snow.

The going was cheerful, with all the shouting, but it was slow and difficult. Finally Bob picked me up and carried me in his arms, for I was the smallest, and soon showed signs of giving out. My little feet just could not press forward in the heavy snow and biting wind. As fast as we reached a home, the children belonging to it were released from the rope which bound them, and we went



on to the next and the next. At last the children were all safe with their mothers, but the blizzard raged for three days.

My mother was about to start out in the storm for the school-house, to help us, but I was always thankful she did not have to attempt it.

Another incident in connection with blizzards made a deep impression upon me. Our home was always open to travellers. Hunters made it a point to pass our house so they could stop and rest, get a fresh supply of water, and exchange whatever news was afloat. After Daddy's experience with the captain of the army camp (whom we had known as a young doctor in Washington, Iowa) the soldiers frequently stopped with us, so that we came to know many of them well.

About three years after our arrival in Kansas, the winter storms came on earlier than had been expected. There were a number of hunting parties out, and many of the men were scattered across the wide prairie, and up and down the river. The first blizzard of the year caught them far away from shelter. They were all plainsmen, who travelled by compass, by the stars, and by natural instinct, as surely as city moderns start and stop by traffic signals at boulevards. Otherwise, that storm would have claimed many victims.

Early in the evening, Daddy and the boys had dragged in an immense backlog for the fireplace, and had laid in a big supply of wood. That fireplace gave out lots of heat, and the red-yellow flames, as they mounted to the chimney, or died down and flickered, made pictures in my imagination that no artist could ever paint.

When darkness began to close down, a party of hunters arrived. They were told where to bed down their horses, then, all snow-laden, they came into the warmth of the house. Within half an hour a second party came. After that, they straggled in, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and threes, until the house was crowded. It was a very large room, and the men lay down on the





floor until it was covered. Finally, the laughter and talk quieted down.

Later in the night, a final party of four knocked, and were admitted, though they had only standing room at first. Daddy had to make the first comers, who had had more time to get comfortable, move back. In fact, there was a general shifting so that these latest arrivals, exhausted and almost frozen, could get near the fire.

In the morning it was found that the storm had abated its worst fury. Mother cooked a good, warm breakfast, of which everybody partook, and they left, as they had come, anxious to get back to their own homes. I can well recall the profuse thanks, and the blessings they invoked upon Father and Mother and our little household. Ours had been "a house by the side of the road" in a very real sense, a genuine Travellers' Rest.





## CHAPTER XIII

Our father was very religious. He really went to such great extremes that his children were alienated from him and from the severity of the religion he practiced, instead of being drawn toward him and it by its loveliness of teaching. Our mother was no less religious, but she let it show forth in her daily works rather than in talking of it. She just "went about doing good" and helping others—an outward expression of her inward belief. "Daddy" (my pet name for him) was likewise helpful. Indeed, he thought good works a part of religion, but he was very severe with his family.

Looking back, I do not know that he was *more* severe than other good fathers, for I think that fathers were generally stern with their children in those days. There was certainly none of the "pal-of-mine" attitude so noticeable nowadays. They would have scoffed at it as being the "familiarity that breeds contempt." And the dignity of the head of the family was something very sacredly maintained. It may well be that both past and present ideas are possible of being carried to undesirable extremes.

On Friday evening, at sundown, every bit of work had to be finished, and the whole family ready to sit down with the Bible to study the Sabbath School lesson. We could not say "Sunday School," as did other children, for our parents were Seventh Day Adventists. Saturday was our Sabbath, and we children were not permitted to play, laugh, or amuse ourselves in any way until sundown Saturday evening. And how glad we were when it came! We could read, provided it was the Bible or, at least, religious literature, but we must remain very quiet.

As I look at the children of today, who seem to be good examples of perpetual motion, I wonder if a little enforced quiet might have a good effect upon their nerves. At least, I never



heard of any "retarded development" among us, unless it was in the direction of mischief. I must admit that our Sabbaths were hard upon active little bodies, but they were meant to help us mentally and spiritually, and I do not believe they entirely failed.

Needless to say, no work could be done on the Sabbath. No cooking, except what was absolutely necessary, Mother being supposed to prepare on Friday enough food to last through Saturday. We fed the stock and poultry, for "the merciful man was merciful to his beast." We could not take a ride for pastime. In the Ten Commandments, the man and the maid-servant, the horses and oxen, must not work. Everything must rest on the seventh day. And Father meant just that.

One time I was greatly frightened, feeling sure we had been wicked and were punished for it, for what we did was the cause of my youngest brother's being badly hurt.

Father always had sheep and cattle. For a number of years, in our locality, stock was permitted to range at large if each family would watch out lest the animals get into corn fields, or nibble at our neighbors' crops. At our house, this was Steve's task, the older boys, Lou and Walter, having other things for which they were responsible.

On one Sabbath it so happened that Father was away from home, which meant that we could laugh aloud and enjoy ourselves in the way we wished, provided it was not boisterous. We four children were in the kitchen with our mother, for she was always our "pal," and we could be free and natural with her. We were talking and laughing, and the sheep were at large on the plain, very near to a neighbor's field of grain.

While Mother let us have our fun, she kept her eyes on everything, and presently called Steve's attention to the fact that the sheep were moving toward Charlie Wair's corn.

Boy-like, he waited a few minutes, as long as he dared, and then jumped on his pony and rode rapidly, trying to make up for lost time. The pony, running fast as they turned the sheep away





from the cornfield, stepped into a prairie dog's hole and stumbled wildly, throwing Steve. It was a hard fall, and he was badly hurt.

Neighbors saw the accident and ran to his assistance, sending word to Mother.

I was about twelve years old, and the occurrence frightened me badly. Not only was I worried over Steve's injuries, but I decided that we were being punished for being wicked, frivolous and worldly on the Sabbath Day. I was sure it was the Lord's way of bringing us back into the fold by taking our beloved brother.

One thing Father's teaching had done, it had taught us how to pray. We had family worship morning and evening, no matter how busy and hurried we were, nor how pressing the conditions. Father never failed to read a full chapter in the Bible, and to pray, each morning and each evening, and no meal was complete unless Father first asked God's blessing upon the food.

In this crisis I took that training to heart, and prayed for Steve, and for forgiveness of our great sin in breaking the Sabbath Day, and not keeping it holy. Steve was ill for several weeks, during which time I learned much about personal prayer. Finally, to my great relief, and the joy of the whole family, he entirely recovered.

It was a prairie dog's hole into which Steve's horse had stepped, and I am wondering how many of those who read this little tale know what a prairie dog is. I believe they are natives of Kansas; small animals, with brief, flat tails. In size and color a prairie dog is like a chipmunk. In late spring, when their fur coats are new, they are very light brown, but in winter their coats are a deep tan—the shade of the dried grass around their homes.

Their houses are deep holes which they dig in the highest spot available on the prairie, where the grass is somewhat short. Old trappers say they dig down to water. The dirt is always thrown up high around the hole, and looks as if it might be patted down hard, so there will be no dust. They live in settlements or small towns. A farmer who is unfortunate enough to find one hole, may be sure there are fifteen or twenty others close by. Each family





seems to have its own home, however, for if you surprise one out getting food, he will run clear across a village to go in one particular hole.

For carrying food supplies to their homes, they have a pouch on either side of their mouths. Should you meet one when he has been out foraging, you will notice that his jaws stick out as if he were deformed. But you will not meet one if the sentry can prevent it. Like all other wild creatures, prairie dogs must always be on the watch for enemies, so they appoint a lookout, or sentry.

He may be seen on some high ground, sitting on his haunches. If the breeze brings him a suspicious scent or sound, he raises up the full length of his body so he can see all over his little city. If it is a man or a dog or other enemy, he starts making a noise we call "barking." At every bark his short tail flies up and down. The whole village heeds the warning. Dozens of prairie dogs will be seen running for their individual homes, but not one will make a sound except the sentry.

Oddly enough, snakes and prairie dogs appear to live peaceably together. It is not an unusual sight, on a warm, sunny day, when the sentry sees or hears nothing to alarm him and is consequently relaxed, to see a large rattlesnake taking his sun bath at the same time, the two of them apparently enjoying each other's society. It may be that their friendliness is the result of the same taste in geography. Snakes live on field mice, bugs, birds, young rabbits, and like prey, while prairie dogs are strict vegetarians, and eat the corn and grain which houses these little animals.

Unfortunate indeed is the farmer who discovers a prairie dog town on his land. One small settlement will eat up two or three acres of corn or grain. The farmer must get rid of them. This was a hard job in pioneering times, for we did not have the pest control methods then as now. The surest and simplest way was to poison the whole village. If any escaped, they would move out and start a new home somewhere else.



Father carried his religion with him into all his relations of life, so one can easily guess his attitude toward claim-jumping.

Among the settlers whom Father helped to find their corner stones were two fine young men from Ohio, who selected adjoining claims on the Big Medicine Creek. They stayed with us while they were looking around, and we learned to like them very much. They wanted to make some improvements, build homes near each other, and bring out their brides from the East. As soon as they had filed on their claims, therefore, they went back to their homes to get the necessary equipment and provisions for living on the land the time required for homesteading.

In their absence, two strange families came out, and passed our place going west. Father explained how he could help them locate claims, and as he knew which had already been filed on, it was naturally to the advantage of every law-abiding settler to take some advice. These people, however, curtly told him they did not need or even want his help. General Bull was troubled about them.

"Korb," he said, "they are a bad lot. They're no good for this country, and they'll make trouble for us if they stay."

Before very long Father was up on the Big Medicine on other matters and found that these people had "jumped" the claims of our two young men. Supposing that they would want to know of their mistake, he told them about the young men, and that it was almost time for their return. He also offered to show them where they could get equally good claims in the neighborhood and avoid all trouble.

They were even more sullenly defiant than on the first occasion when he talked with them, and told him plainly that they did not need him or anyone else to tell them what to do. From which Father saw that General Bull was right in his estimate of their characters.

The evening that the young men returned with their supplies, their hope and enthusiasm was somewhat dulled by what Father and General Bull had to tell them. But with the sweetness of





disposition that normal young people show, they were sure that all they had to do was to reason with the intruders.

Father and General Bull wanted to go with them, "to see fair play," but the two insisted that they make at least the first call alone. They did—and it was their last call. They had merely introduced themselves when they were shot down by the claim jumpers. The guns of the boys were found in their wagons. They had been quite unarmed.

Father and the boys buried the two on their own claims, although relatives afterwards took the bodies east. The murderers went past our house, handcuffed to soldiers and under guard in the same wagons with their wives and children. They had a trial at Concordia, and were sent to prison for life.

It was a needless sacrifice of four homes. I remember crying very bitterly over the death of the two young men, and the grief of their fiancées; and felt quite as sorry for the wives and children who had to suffer disgrace and loss for the sake of a stubborn greed that need not have been. They might all have lived happily on the broad acres of Kansas. Such were some of the tragedies of the pioneer west.





## CHAPTER XIV

Almost more than any other state, Kansas has been through a long list of varied sufferings. The first surveys of the region were discouraging. It was thought that it was a kind of no-man's land, fit for rattlesnakes and Indians (both of which abounded) but not for white people. Nevertheless, when pro-slavery and anti-slavery talk rent the nation, settlers from both sides of the question flocked to the eastern portion in great companies, each hoping to outnumber the other. All through its territorial days it suffered strife and bloodshed.

Even those who had gone with sincere motives of making a home, were allowed little opportunity to build constructively, so bitter were political questions. A further discouragement was the drought of 1859 and 1860, which caused hundreds to seek more favored places. In 1861, with only the remnant of its first settlers left, Kansas became a state, but the Civil War came on immediately, and took the young men who would have built it into permanence.

Not until the close of that unhappy period did Kansas have even a year of peaceful development. For some time, in spite of what would have been good crop years, the rich prairie never felt a plow, but settlers were straggling in, mostly to the western portion, as yet untouched. These were quite unlike the first. They were men like my father, for the most part, who were coming, not for political reasons but for homesteading advantages. They wanted to build up the state's resources, and to make it a peaceful and prosperous home for themselves and their children. Ofttimes soldiers in the late war, discharged here, would remain and take up land.

*We* came at the psychological moment, in the spring of 1870, nine years after Kansas became a state, and in the very midst of its forward movement, especially its western development. The fact



that up until 1854—only sixteen years before our arrival—the central and western part of the state had been entirely Indian land, accounts for the great herds of buffalo, and the vast acreage of virgin prairie.

In this little narrative I have tried to show how a thrifty and industrious pioneer family answered "the call of the wild," and helped to build up the prosperity of one of our foremost states. From an Indian wilderness in 1854; to a territory and then a state torn with political dissension up to 1865; and at last to a leading place in agricultural products in 1884, would almost argue for the famed seven-league boots. But such is the history of Kansas, and I am proud and thankful that members of my family had a part in this great undertaking.

As an example of the alluring tales circulated in the East about central and western Kansas, we need go no farther than the story of Charley Freidt. He was a shoemaker in Indiana, perhaps forty-five years of age, and anxious to make some move that would lead to fortune before he was too old, when his imagination was fired by something he saw in his home paper. Kansas (so he read) was a southern state, with weather so mild that one never needed heavy clothing. There being a great abundance of game, all a man required was some flour and corn meal, a few blankets, a gun, and plenty of ammunition.

It sounded so promising that Charley soon was off, and with him a friend, a young man about twenty-two. They went some thirty miles west of the new settlement of Bull City, but stayed on the Solomon River, expecting to trap for small, fur-bearing animals. At this they did very well, but in the early fall, one of the terrible northwestern blizzards swooped down upon them unexpectedly.

Their house was a one-room affair, made of brush tree limbs, with buffalo hides tacked or tied to them. The stove was built out of rock and clay. The bed was brush and leaves, with buffalo hides for both mattress and covering. They had gathered a large amount of wood, so felt safe when the storm started, early in the evening.





Through the night it grew worse and worse, and the wind whistled through their little shack, but they tried to keep the fire going, and themselves warm with what food they had, and hot coffee.

In their ignorance of Kansas blizzards, they expected to see it abate by morning. It continued all the next day, however, and they ran out of coffee. By the second night, they were each taking turns keeping the fire going while the other slept. Towards morning Charley said he awakened with a start, and a great dread upon him, which he recognized as the presence of danger.

His friend had gone to sleep and let the fire go out. The shack was deadly cold, and dark save for the graying dawn. Again and again he tried to start the fire, but it would not light. Damp snow, drifting in, had wet both matches and firewood.

Turning his attention to the prostrate boy, he could not awaken him sufficiently to make any effort to move. Thoroughly alarmed, Charley struggled to get him to his feet, to make him walk, to thresh his arms. It was of no use. He muttered once, indistinctly, that he wanted to be let alone, he was going home to Mother. For hours Charley worked over him. The second day of the blizzard was nearly over when he realized that the boy was dead—frozen to death!

For hours longer he racked his brain, trying to think how to dispose of the body to keep it away from wild animals. He knew that as soon as the storm was over, the wolves would be out, foraging for food. All that night he worked feverishly, wrapping the body in his buffalo robes and tying them securely. As soon as it was light, he discovered that the wind and snow had stopped, and he stepped out into a white world with his burden.

It was quite impossible to dig a grave through the deep snow and frozen ground, so he buried the poor fellow as deep as he could, in a huge drift, hoping that the wind would turn it to ice and preserve the body until the snow was gone, and he could give it proper burial.





With a heavy heart, he took gun and compass and started out to find help. His nearest neighbors were a camp of cattlemen a few miles away. The whole plain was a white, glistening sheet, but by using his compass and the sun as guides, he started out in the right direction. While still less than halfway to his destination, he fell into a deep snowdrift that proved to be a prison. The more he struggled, the deeper he sank, and his frantic calls for help were merely blown back to him by the breeze.

He was in the snowdrift almost all day, weak from lack of food for two days past, and realizing that it was the exercise in his friend's behalf which had kept him from freezing also. Now, in this cold, wet prison house of snow, infinitely worse than their cold, flimsy shanty, perhaps his fate had only been delayed so that he might care for his friend's body. It was no use to struggle. It was no use to call. He would just say one more prayer, and go to sleep. He was—so tired—so ve-ry tired!

Suddenly he heard a gun shot and it gave him new hope and energy. His voice was too hoarse to carry far, but by waving his arms above his head, he attracted the attention of two or three horsemen coming in his direction. His gun, being heavy, was at the bottom of the snowdrift, so he could not fire it, and the weakness of his voice, and the white glare from the snow, made it difficult for them to find him. Later in the afternoon he was rescued, however, and found they were the cattlemen to whom he had been travelling.

At their camp, they gave him first aid by putting his feet in cold water, trying thus to draw out the frost, for they had both been frozen stiff in the snowdrift. The men kept him with them only a few days, as they were breaking camp to move a herd of Texas cattle, so he was left with a settler's family.

These people lived in a dugout. A dugout is a hole dug in the ground, with poles laid over the top, then brush and straw piled on top. The man of the family would plough up the hard, grass-covered prairie, cut this tough sod into pieces about two feet





long, and make his roof, overlapping them like shingles. A sod roof of this type would keep out snow, wind and sun, and sometimes (if they were lucky) the rain. A door would be made of wood or buffalo hide, or whatever they might have, and usually a window on each side of the door.

In a place like this the cattlemen had to leave poor Charley, with his frozen feet. The family consisted of the man, his wife, one child and two dogs, all living in this one poor little room. The woman was kind hearted, and gave Charley such care as she could, but she had little to offer him save an old print dress in which to wrap his sick feet. He was in such pain that he just wanted to be left alone, and prayed to die.

His bed was a blanket on the cold, earthen floor, in a corner which he shared with the dogs, but it was as near the fire as the rest of the family were. Here, in course of time, the decayed flesh of his feet dropped off at the instep, leaving the heels and a mere stump, from which some of the bones protruded. He told me that the night of this happening, he had to watch the dogs very carefully, lest they set upon him like wolves, for they were as near starvation as the humans and the almost unbearable stench of decayed flesh made them wild and dangerous.

Father, out locating corner stones for a party of would-be settlers, came across the dugout and heard the story. Very tenderly he carried Charley to the wagon, and took him to our home. He was filthy from long lying on the blanket in the dugout, and the stumps of his feet so tender that it was a difficult and painful task to cleanse them. Nevertheless, Mother refused to put him in one of our clean beds until he was washed.

When it came to cutting his long, matted hair, and trimming his beard, he became very angry, and shouted that he wanted to be let alone. As ministering angels, however, Mother and Father had no equal. They grasped the fact that the pain of having his feet properly bandaged had temporarily deranged him, so, despite his protests and ravings, the cleansing process went right on,





punctuated with Father's encouragements, and Mother's low-voiced soothings.

When it was finished, and he was rigged out in one of Father's clean old night shirts, he was still so incensed and outraged that he turned his face to the wall and refused to speak to any of us for three days!

He stayed with us about eighteen months, and became very companionable to us children. When he was well enough to walk with crutches, I used to tease him by touching his hands with the cold smutty poker from the fireplace. After the first struggle he was distressed unless clean.

When the black smudges on his hands became too much for his dignity, he would retaliate by getting down on his knees and crawling around the floor after me. It was real punishment. I would grow almost hysterical with alternate laughter and cold chills up my spine. When he decided that the punishment fitted the crime, he would stop, smiling, and we would begin our friendship again, quits for the time being.

The time came when he could discard one crutch and hobble around with a cane in its place, but that was after he had made himself a pair of special shoes. Being a shoemaker by trade it was comparatively easy for him, and we children watched the construction with breathless interest. The shoes, however, were not the success he had hoped. Father and Mother saw that he needed an operation on the stumps of his feet. The protruding bones would have to be amputated, and the flesh lap enough to make a hard end. Only in this way would he walk without pain.

Father started a fund, swelled by contributions from the neighbors, which provided his expenses under a competent surgeon "back East." After a time he returned to Kansas, able to walk on the stumps of his feet in his special shoes. He settled in Osborne, the County seat, where he practiced his trade. It was the period when men wore high topped boots, and Charley received twenty-five dollars a pair for them. This was about the year 1875. He





worked many years, and accumulated some property. Then, when too old and feeble to work, he went to the Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth, where he died.

It is a story which has been told and retold many times, but this account is authentic. He has related it to me many times, and he and the Korb family were firm friends always.



## CHAPTER XV

Poor Charley Freidt and his young friend had come to Kansas "with nothing to go upon" in the way of resources except guns and enthusiasm, and their inexperience led to tragedy. There was another class of settler, however, too intelligent to be misled by fanciful reports; often with cash resources and always a desire to make a home out of the wilderness. These were people of value to any community, and General Bull frequently did a chamber-of-commerce act in persuading them that Bull City should be the end of their wanderings. The present town can thank him for many of its "best families."

I shall never forget one charming couple from "the East" who purchased a claim east of Bull City from a bachelor who, for some reason, wanted to sell out and go somewhere else. He had several acres under cultivation but no house, only a dugout in which he had been living. The new owners decided to do the same until their new house could be built. But dugouts were strange to this little lady, so she spent most of her time in the sunshine, going indoors only to eat and sleep.

One day, hurrying in to prepare the noon meal for her hard-working farmer husband, to her horror there hung from the sod roof a huge snake, apparently amusing itself by catching flies. She shrieked and ran, and never would she enter the dugout again, preferring to camp in the unfinished house above ground.

When the bachelor who sold them the place was told of the occurrence, he said: "Oh, yes. I forgot to tell them. I knew the snake was there. In fact, it was one of my pets. It wouldn't hurt anyone. It was only a bull snake." The "pet" was six feet long and as big around as a man's arm.





The trouble with sod roofs was that they nearly always contained snakes and mice. Having been natives of the prairie, when the sod was broken up and used for roofing, they merely adjusted themselves to the new surroundings, even liking the warmth of the dugout stove. Can the modern reader appreciate the peace and security of the humble dugout dwellers when these pests were likely to drop down upon them at any moment? Ah, what price progress! Many of our pioneers paid a *great* price.

Our family never lived in a dugout. Father's ability with tools, his thrift, and our greater prosperity as a result of these, prevented, but for a long time we *did* have to put up with a dirt floor, hard-packed and scrupulously clean.

Some of the older people have forgotten, and the younger ones never became acquainted with our "brush brooms." We children made them every year. It was quite a lark to hunt for just the right kind of brush along the river and creek banks. Short branches were denuded of leaves and tied securely to a long handle. They were much more efficient than the bamboo lawn brooms we buy today. The corn broom, so common now, was an imported luxury then, and the carpet sweeper and vacuum cleaner had not even been invented. Later, Daddy raised broom corn and also sorghum cane, making our brooms out of both.

The Chamberlain and Post families were among those who came to Kansas with money for investment. They arrived so late, however, that all the homesteads around Bull City were taken up, and to homestead another claim they would have been obliged to go much farther west, into a more sparsely settled district. To the great joy of everyone, they decided to stay in our part of the country.

Refined, well educated, and helpful, they proved to be the finest type of settlers, and were universally beloved and admired. To stay near Bull City was a wise move for them, because the saw mill in which they invested speedily brought them prosperity,





and was a Heaven-sent blessing to the farmers. Our native timber was cottonwood mostly, which warped when cut into boards; but it enabled the farmers to do away with dugouts almost entirely, and was a great improvement over the rain-sodden, leaky, snake-and-mice infested sod roofs.

For those who had only earthen floors, like ourselves, it was likewise welcomed. I remember when Father brought home his first load of lumber. How proud and happy we were to own a real board floor!

The Chamberlain and Post families were in-laws, and finally bought a ranch from Jake Adams, who wanted to move where his children could have better educational advantages. The Chamberlains had a large family of girls, and the Posts had a son and daughter, these young people adding a great deal to the social life of the community.

The school house we attended was located on a corner of the Chamberlain place, and Ellen Chamberlain and Nettie Post taught school there for years. Bob Bennett, and another man-teacher, Mr. Babcock, had long since gone on to better opportunities than teaching a country school.

Soon after the new families were well settled, we suffered from a cloudburst. The Korb home was on high ground, so we were in no danger, but a Paul Revere on horseback galloped by with the word that the river was rising and the low lands would be flooded.

Our new and valued neighbors, among others, got the full force of the rampaging waters. The Solomon River ran through a part of the Chamberlain claim. On the northwest corner it made a sharp bend. The soil here was alluvial, richer even than prairie land, and they were raising a wonderful garden and a big field of early corn. Both were prospering when the unpredictable cloudburst swelled the river and flooded out of existence all their hopes and hard work.



It was the most "dramatic" sight (as we would say today, though "dramatic" and "thrill" and some other words were not in the American vocabulary at that time) that I ever witnessed: a wall of black and foaming water, some fifteen feet high, rushing, rolling, tumbling, with irresistible force down on the comfortable farm home, and the mill, that we were all so proud of, and so thankful for!

Ahead of the water coming so fast, we saw Mrs. Post carrying her most valued possession: a new Singer sewing machine. She was determined to get it to safety, but it was a heavy load. It was nothing at all like the new electric table models we have now, but a good-sized piece of furniture, with foot piece, big wheel, box top over the machine itself, and several drawers. Before she got very far, the oncoming waters swirled about her feet and she almost lost her balance, but would not let go of the machine. If Brother Lou had not been racing to her rescue, she would no doubt have been drowned. Lou was a strong, resourceful chap, however, a worthy son of his hardy father, and in a few minutes he had both Mrs. Post and her prized machine on safe ground. The home from which she had so lately come was covered with water, and all of its furnishings ruined.

The saw mill, run by water power, was on very low land, and was badly damaged. Much of the lumber, too, was washed away. The flood waters soon receded, but left something almost harder to be endured: a solid coating of sticky mud over floors and furniture, farm implements and mill machinery. Everywhere mud, MUD, MUD with its accompaniment of rust and stain.

In the midst of their losses, instead of bewailing their "hard luck," these two Christian families offered up a prayer of thankfulness that no lives had been lost! Such was the courage in misfortune, and the religious fervor of the better class of pioneers.





After the flood these families made another investment that proved not only a gain to themselves, but a great benefit to the community as a whole. It was a sorghum mill.

Molasses, the thick, brown variety, had been shipped in barrels to General Bull's store, and was purchased in the same containers by those who could afford them. In pioneer days we did not have the small-package goods that modern grocery stores carry. Supplies were generally bought in quantity: a barrel of sugar; a barrel of flour; a barrel of molasses; a whole cheese; a sack of coffee berries. These were roasted half an hour in the oven and ground in a hand mill before each meal. That was one of my tasks. Crackers and bought cookies were unheard of. Pickles, jellies, preserves, and canned vegetables were strictly home products. Candles and lard were always the result of the family's industry, as were soap and perfumed ointments. Each woman churned her own butter, made her cottage cheese, and did all of her own bread, cake and pie baking. Matches were used sparingly. Children and old folks used to cut newspapers into long strips and twist them into a tight stem with a flare on the end for "lamp-lighters," which we would carefully light at the fireplace, and carry the little flaming paper torch to the candle, or the kerosene lamp, or the lantern.

With "store goods" brought such a distance, and so high in price, settlers had to raise most of their food, so one can imagine what it meant to have the planting of sorghum cane encouraged by the new sorghum mill, which quickly changed it into "molasses." I have known the poorer families to have to live for months chiefly on corn bread and sorghum. It was the more thrifty and more prosperous farmers who raised hogs and poultry, and had a variety of garden produce, and such grains as wheat and corn.

From sunup to sunset was the working day in a pioneer family, and with sewing added to the women's tasks, they were busy until bedtime. But it was a jolly sort of busy-ness, those evenings, with the young people and their friends playing games or studying their





lessons around the big table, and the adults, before the fire, talking, reading, or going on with such tasks as sewing or quilting, shelling corn, cracking nuts, or in other useful ways passing away the evenings. An informal, intimate sort of family life that was largely lost when the pioneer period ended.



## CHAPTER XVI

In all the years of our Kansas residence, we felt that it was "a goodly land." "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," Father would sometimes intone at one or the other of our twice-daily worship services. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." "My lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places."

Nevertheless, the long list of discouragements which Kansas endured, continued to grow. As I have since read history, and looked back upon our sojourn there, I have wondered that, religious as many of the settlers were, and especially as was my father, they should never have attributed any of our public calamities—fire, flood, drought—to the inevitable law of retribution. Kansas was taken directly away from the Indians (by a wise and beneficent Great Father at Washington) and we expected the blessing of God to rest upon those who aided and abetted the steal!

It may be that public conscience was not aroused in pioneer days. Certainly it is only of very late years that we have heard of the rights of minority groups. Certain it is, also, that settlers like my father were entirely innocent of any wrong. And so it was that the blessing of God *did* rest upon Kansas—abundantly—and upon many of the individual settlers who were giving the best that was in them to a new and progressive civilization.

One of the worst calamities that ever overtook us came all unpredicted, and with the suddenness of a midwinter blizzard. This was the grasshopper invasion. We were on our homestead in 1874 when the pests came down from the north without warning. The sky was darkened as if heavy clouds were blowing in. They hid the sun from view and alighted with only a few minutes' warning, covering everything in sight.





For four years we had worked hard to produce marketable crops, and for the first time had hopes of succeeding. Mother's garden was a wonder; her flowers were making fine growth; and Father's corn had never been so fine. It was in full ear. Not only were *our* crops promising, but *all* the settlers were joyful over good prospects. Twice before we had suffered from grasshoppers, but lightly.

When we realized what the whirring wings meant, we tried hard to save the garden and the choicest flowers, but to no avail. Daddy and the boys hastily cut and shocked some of the corn, but the hoppers ate the shocked corn right through, leaving the stalks like bare ribs, and the shocks like skeletons. Nothing else escaped. Not a green leaf was left. Even the trees were denuded.

Not content with devouring growing things, they ate the mosquito bars off our windows, and would have eaten everything in the house had we not kept our doors and windows closed. Daddy said they were eating the harness, and other things in the stable, but he and the boys fought them off, and kept them out of places where doors could be closed or cracks made tight. For a long time afterward we could see where they had gnawed the surface of the boards on the barn, and the wooden handles of farm implements.

Stock had a hard time of it. Hogs, however, liked grasshoppers, and ate them steadily as long as any were around. Chickens and turkeys ate them too, but they were actually sickened from overstuffing.

The grasshoppers got in their deadly work in the afternoon and that night, having struck our section about noon, and being gone, for the most part, by the next morning. Some stayed on, and for days we crushed grasshoppers under our feet, and fished them out of the cornmeal and our bedding. The odor was nauseating, and so, too, was the devastation. Nothing so disheartening had ever come upon our part of the state. The only thing they did not—or possibly could not—eat, was the tough prairie grass!





Without crops, the settlers faced destitution. I can well remember "Aunt" Mary Chamberlain (as Mrs. Chamberlain was mostly called) and my mother, taking our old spring wagon, loaded with sorghum, and such other supplies as the more prosperous families could spare, to their poorer neighbors. Even in years when crops were fairly good, such errands of mercy had to be made, only there would be potatoes and cabbage and other things in the better years. Farming was expensive business. Farm machinery made it easier but also increased the cost, and many a settler's family went for months at a time lacking necessities as well as comforts.

In the trying days after the grasshoppers had denuded the land, people came more and more to appreciate General Bull, storekeeper, banker, and friend. Always he had been helpful, for comparatively few settlers had money when they came, and he had trusted everyone with the least semblance of honesty. Now he had more calls for supplies than he could possibly fill on a business basis, but never did he turn anyone away hungry. More than that, his ready jokes, his cheerfulness and courage, and his common-sense views, encouraged many a poor fellow who was down and out in spite of his most earnest efforts.

Naturally enough, there was a small exodus from the state after the grasshopper invasion. This was the case in our section as well as elsewhere, but General Bull's practical assistance and good advice kept a good many from taking such a drastic step. Then came help from the east: clothing, food supplies, seed for planting, farm implements—anything and everything that kindness could provide for a stricken people.

These came to the railroad station at Russell, and the farmers with suitable teams volunteered their services for hauling. In each section, reliable men were appointed to see to the proper distribution, and Father was one of these.

Among the hauling volunteers was an Irishman who lived on Little Medicine Creek and owned a particularly fine wagon and team of horses. Father was very happy to enlist him in the cause,



since he could take care of a heavy load. Russell was a long haul from Bull City so Pat would stop at his own house overnight, and bring the load on in the morning.

These supplies from the east, being a community trust, were checked up by inspectors appointed by the organization answering to our present Red Cross, which had collected them, and before long Father began hearing bad reports of Pat's stewardship. On the next trip, he called him on the carpet.

"Pat, I'm not getting a good account of you. I hear that the reason you keep the load at your house overnight is not the distance—as we all supposed—but so you can look it over and pick out the things you want for your own family. I am told that your wife has twenty good dresses."

To which Pat replied with perfect composure: "It's a dum lie, Mr. Kaarb. She's only afther be havin' nineteen."

That was, of course, the end of Pat's graft, nineteen dresses being surely enough for any one woman. Pat, however, continued to live in the neighborhood, a hard working, kind hearted, thoroughly likable fellow. He was a great character, and we had many laughs when he was around. One in particular occurs to me:

Having very few farming implements of his own, Pat was always borrowing, and since Father had enough and to spare, he nearly always had something of ours. On one occasion he borrowed the harrow.

Now that most of us live in cities or towns, few know what a harrow is, especially young people. It was a machine, made of fifty to a hundred long iron teeth, arranged in rows in an iron frame. Horses were hitched to this machine to drag it over the field. Its purpose was to break up the large clods of rich black dirt that were left after the sod was once broken. The process would leave the field smooth and easy to plant. One can imagine the great help it would be to a farmer.

On this occasion, Pat kept our harrow so long that Father sent him word to please return it. We needed to borrow it for our own





use, temporarily (though naturally this was not the exact language of the message).

Pat appeared more promptly than we had expected, and as he took the harrow out of his wagon he said cheerfully:

"Misther Kaarb, shure an' I had the misfortune to break your harrow, but I want yous to be afther fixin' it right away because I want to borry it again."





## CHAPTER XVII

My little brother Steve was getting to be a *big* brother. Though only ten years old he could ride horseback like a man, and had already taken upon himself many duties of the farm. In those early days, the whole family had to help. Parents believed that wholesome work, with a little play sandwiched in between, was the best mental and moral diet for a growing boy. Modern parents appear to reverse this process.

At all events, Steve was growing away from me. His great ambition was to be just like Lou and Walter, and he was assuredly growing big and strong like they were. I began to long for a baby sister. Boys were all right. I was proud of my three brothers, but for real companionship I needed a baby sister. My parents gave me very little encouragement, although I confided my wishes to them.

At the period of which I speak, the word "innocent" was still heard in the land. It was not considered necessary, or even desirable, to inform children of things they would understand much better when they were older, when Nature could have a voice in the revelation. Although I was nearly twelve, I was the veriest child as compared to precocious modern infants of half my years.

I was quite downcast because Father and Mother failed to share my enthusiasm, when an incident occurred that raised my hopes, only to dash them again.

A tribe of Pawnee Indians happened to be camped near us, and one of the squaws came to our house to beg for food. While Mother was getting it ready, the woman stood by the door the straight board on which Indian papooses are always strapped. I was greatly attracted to the child, so small and so cute. I asked



the mother if it was a boy or girl, to which she replied: "Him no man. Him woman."

I reached out my hand and the baby grasped my finger and gave me a heavenly smile. From somewhere my Father appeared, and immediately the squaw began following him around, jabbering and gesticulating toward the papoose. He understood some Indian words, and told me she wanted to sell us the baby for thirty-five cents! I implored him to buy it, but he shook his head with great finality, and I knew better than to press the subject. In secret I wept for days over the disappointment.

Later, when the white interpreter for the tribe came by, Father and Mother commented on the circumstance, and openly wondered how a mother could be so unnatural as to want to sell her child. And for such a pittance. His explanation showed us that we had entirely misunderstood.

"Thirty-five" was probably the only English standard of value that she knew or could speak, and it was not for gain, but care for her child that made her anxious to leave it with us. In the Fall hunt (necessary for winter meat) their tribe would meet an enemy tribe. There would probably be fighting and the squaw might be killed. She wanted a safe home for her baby meanwhile, and knew that we could and would take care of it, but her English was too imperfect to tell us the story.

If she ever came back (and she would if she lived) she would either demand the return of the child or steal it—the latter being probably the easier, according to her ideas. And she had no conception of the shock to white ears by use of the word "sell." To her, it was a perfectly legitimate transaction, and rather a smart bargain if she could make it, but all inspired by love for her baby, and concern for its welfare, instead of the reverse, as we had imagined.

It was Mother who dried my tears for the little Indian papoose. She suggested that instead of taking a baby we were not ready for, I should begin and make a layette. Then, if the baby didn't come





any other way, she would try to get the same papoose when the tribe passed through the next time. But she was sure that making the clothes would be a sensible plan.

I was delighted. For weeks I put every spare moment into fashioning tiny garments. I was allowed to make them as pretty as I wished, and took great pains with my sewing. Under Mother's watchful eye, her daughter *was* a fair needlewoman, even at twelve years of age, so the layette was nothing to be ashamed of. Early in August, when my little sister Rose arrived, everything was ready for her, and of my own making.

Not only was she my little sister, but my little charge as well, for I was never happier than when bathing her small body, washing and ironing her tiny garments, and generally making myself a slave—willingly—for love's sake. To hold her quivering little body in my arms when she cried; to coax a smile into her wee face; to watch the development of her muscles; to hear her coos and gurgles, gave me the most intense delight. It was the pleasure of a child who never had many younger children or dolls to play with. At that time I did not reason about it, but now I think that the coming of this baby sister was the greatest blessing of my childish life.

Rose was about a year old when Father decided to move his family to town. There were many things which influenced that decision. One of them was drought. Another was jackrabbits.

While outwardly we had a promising start on our homestead, there were drawbacks. Daddy longed for a good-sized orchard, and for grapes and berries. Three times he planted fruit trees: peaches, apples and pears. As many times or more he started grapes, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants. Once he set out twenty-four black walnut trees along the road, only two of which survived. When I was back "home" in 1930 these two were wide-spreading, highly-prized shade trees. On another occasion he fenced his entire 160 acres with Osage orange trees, ex-





pecting to trim them back to the point where they would make a wide hedge.

It was of no avail. Recurrent drought, and the ever-present jackrabbits and other pests, were enemies from which we could not seem to win. They would sometimes even eat our garden vegetables. Mother succeeded, after much effort, in raising a few flowers, such as Blue Iris and Bouncing Betty, but little else came up. All these disappointments had a depressing effect upon Father. This, added to the fact that Steve and I needed better schools, seemed to justify the move.

Brother Lou was now engaged to a lovely girl of the neighborhood, and wanted to be married, so Father rented the home place to him, and we went to live in Osborne. We rented a large house west of where the Court House is now located, not far from where the road crossed the river.

I was in a flutter of excitement over the move. Osborne was the County seat, and its one long business street, with houses at either end, looked to me like Bagdad-come-out-of-the-fairy-tale. The store windows were most alluring, and although I had never heard of "window-shopping," I did considerable of it in those first days. Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, and Marshall Field's in Chicago, when I saw them, were not half so grand and imposing as the tiny stores on Osborne's main street looked to me then.

The town was not altogether strange to us. For years back, whenever there was an Indian scare, the settlers rushed to the welcome and protection of Osborne, so we were guests there several times for this reason. We had gone oftener to visit my two aunts, Mother's sisters, who had long been residents.

Osborne had been established by a colony of Pennsylvania Dutch, who, until the enterprise was self-supporting, "held all things common," as did the early Christians. Aunt Jen's husband, Uncle Billy Neff, had laid out the streets and named many of them. He was now proprietor of the town's one and only livery stable—much to Aunt Jen's disgust. Aunt Lizzie's husband, Uncle Frank



Leebrick, had also been prominently connected with the founding of the place, and was in the grocery business here. Aunt Lizzie carried on the millinery shop for Osborne's elite.

Mother enjoyed town life even more than Steve and I enjoyed the new schools and the larger number of young people we met. It was pleasant for her to be near her sisters, and life was easier. I used to tell her that I believed she missed the big flocks of chickens and turkeys that had been her pride, and she would retort that it was so quiet in town, in comparison with the farm, that she couldn't sleep! It was a far-fetched point, but how many families could have a family life without their little jokes and teasings?

The house was more convenient than the one on the farm, but with this difference: the homestead was ours! For it we had all sacrificed and toiled. The town house held the history of another family—or other families, and our belongings did not belong. We had to get used to the change. Father went into the commission business but I do not think he liked it. Father was essentially a farmer. All of his gifts and resourcefulness contributed merely to his being a *better* farmer.

Looking back upon that first winter in town, I know what it was we all missed. Each of us secretly knew it then, but not for worlds would any one of us have breathed it to the others, lest it make those others as unhappy, at times, as we were. We missed our two boys, Louie and Walter. The house seemed too big for just Father and Mother, Steve and Nettie (myself) and Rosie.

To be sure, in Lou's marriage, our parents had "not lost a son but gained a daughter," for we were perfectly satisfied with the sweet girl he had chosen. It was only the absence of his gayety and dependability that we missed. In fact, by coming to town, we had lost *two* of the family, for Walter stayed with Lou on the farm. Always they had been inseparable, not only brothers but close, firm friends. Had it not been that we saw them frequently,





I do not know how Mother, or any of us, could have endured a home so lonely without them.

They did not remain long on the homestead. Father's idea was that his sons should work for him until they were twenty-one, and then he would assist them into some business of their own choosing. I think that was the prevalent attitude in those days. It had its advantages, in that it taught boys family responsibility, so that when they *did* start out for themselves, they were less likely to make mistakes. They knew "the value of a dollar" and of the toil which produced it. As a steadying influence I doubt if it can be surpassed by anything offered young people in the present day. We either laugh or shudder at old-fashioned customs, but when we examine them, they seem to be sensible after all.

Both of the boys were master hands with stock, as I have said before, and liked out-of-door life. In addition, they had inherited from Father good business judgment. The country was still new and horses were in demand: horses for farm work and horses for riding. Father, therefore, helped them to set up an importing business, which soon carried itself along to success. Much of their stock was from Texas, and from other states as well, and both of them were on the road most of the time with buying and selling.

The farm rented immediately, for land and buildings were in excellent condition, and life went on for us in town.





## CHAPTER XVIII

Life in Kansas was never monotonous. If there was nothing else, the weather might be depended upon to furnish the unexpected, or some calamity was apt to descend upon us.

Prairie fires were among our many scourges. On one occasion, such a fire started west of our house, somewhere in the distance, and all night long we watched it coming toward us, borne on a strong wind. All the men were out fighting, but without seeming to check its progress in the least. By leaps and bounds it came forward, a fascinating but terrible sight!

Sometime in the forenoon it reached the outskirts of Osborne. North of town some new homes had been built, little islands in a great sea of prairie grass, and the fire headed straight for them. The home of the postmaster, Fred Yoxel, seemed to be the first in the line of battle, and all the fire fighters gathered at this strategic point. If it could be checked here, well and good. If not, the whole town was endangered.

It looked like the latter. Even Father, optimist that he was, shook his head sadly and said to Mother: "I fear the town is doomed."

Like any other battle line, the men were in the thick of the fight, and the women stayed back, furnishing the morale and doing the praying, and that day we had a wonderful deliverance.

For those who never saw a prairie fire, let me say that the method of combatting it was to dig fire breaks, which were simply wide ditches. In some sections they could "back-fire" or burn over a grassy area in the wake of the fire. Both fire breaks and back fire were effective because they broke the fuel line. There being nothing to burn, the fire would naturally go out. In close



quarters, wet sacks were used all along a wide front, to beat out the flames.

It was hot, dirty, and dangerous work, and after an all-night siege, the men were pretty well exhausted. It must be remembered that modern plumbing was unknown to us in 1876, and for many a long day afterward. We had no water pipes, no fire hose, no fire engines. Water was carried from the river in barrels, a wagon load at a time. Work horses were big and strong, and pulled heavy loads. They seemed to know the danger as well as the men, and to be as anxious to help. And some of them were almost exhausted, as well as their owners. There were only a few privately-owned wells.

On the fire swept, closer and closer, the wind fanning the flame and smoke until a hot, heavy blanket seemed to be enveloping the town. Water and more water was rushed to the fighting line. Men prepared to put forth their last ounce of energy to save their homes and all that Osborne meant in the life of the community, when a miracle happened. Just as the fire came to the crossroads north of town, the wind ceased blowing, the flames gave a few half-hearted leaps, sputtered, and went out. The town was saved!

It was regarded as a direct answer to prayer. "Great is the deliverance of the Lord," exclaimed Father, sooty sweat dropping from his brow, and even the irreligious and the indifferent were too dazed and awed to do anything but join in the loud murmur of "Amens."

A prairie fire is a grand and awful sight but for concentrated excitement, nothing beats a town fire. I remember one that started in the Robinson barn. They had a family horse they were very fond of, and someone rushed to his rescue. As usual in such cases, they had to blindfold him to lead him out, but he broke away from them, ran back in the barn, and the burning building collapsed on him.





It was a very sad loss. The modern automobile carries a family farther and faster, but you can't feel any affection for an engine. A horse, on the contrary, is either good or bad, like humans; and he has his little faults and failings that one must allow for. However much we may laugh at the horse-and-buggy days, between the horse and his master there was a real sympathy and understanding. A horse loves and hates, but an automobile doesn't care who holds the steering wheel.

During the excitement about the Robinson's horse, the fire spread, and several houses were in great danger. There was a wind, and embers were flying everywhere. One roof was burning in several places, so the volunteer firemen knocked on the door and ordered the woman inside to take her valuables and run to safety. The occupants were English people.

Very calmly she came to the door and called her husband: "My deah, I wish you would tell these horrid men to go away. I want to pack my things in perfect order."

Anyway, the "horrid men" succeeded in saving the house, but I never heard whether she packed "in perfect order" or not.

The next year after we moved to Osborne, we had excitement enough in the Korb family, for another little sister arrived. While I did not anticipate her coming and long for her, as I did for Rose, she was very welcome, for I realized that she would be a playfellow for the two-year-old.

She was extremely small, so just for fun we said she "wasn't any larger than a minnow." Not being named at once, we called her "Minnow" a few times, which soon became corrupted to the popular pronunciation of "minnie." Then we could think of no prettier name—for Minnie *is* a name—and "Minnie" she always was.

A dear baby, so little and so helpless that she was very appealing. The Korb children were all tall and muscular, but Minnie grew up small and dainty, and we were always proud of her. The





January she was born, however, she took second place for some weeks, for Mother was very ill indeed.

Two years had made quite a difference in me. I was larger and more mature, and thoroughly realized and enjoyed the fact that I was the eldest daughter; and much responsibility devolved upon me. Looking back, I think that mothering Rose, as I did from her birth, had wrought much of this change in me. I had left off being a child.

Now that Mother was ill, I tried to take her place in the household, and the place of a nurse in the sickroom, aided and abetted in everything by Father. My aunts ran in and out and were indispensable, but with all the love we could shower upon her, Mother drooped more and more. At last came a dreadful day when the dear old country doctor gave her up. He had done his best, but her weak stomach refused all nourishment, even water.

It seemed to me the very sun was blotted out. If Mother should die! Unthinkable! What would become of all of us? It just could not be. I wanted to weep and scream but dared not even have a quiet little cry for fear of carrying red eyelids into the sickroom and worrying Mother. Instead, the lump in my throat and chest was suffocating. And then the baby! All the tenderness that was in us we lavished on that tiny mite. Right then began "the spoiling" that we always teased her about.

Aunt Lizzie was our right-hand man and the general of the battle front. She was just as unwilling to lose Mother as we were, so she persuaded Father to let us send for "Mother Crampton." This was a neighbor of ours, a pleasant, bustling little body. Very few babies arrived in Osborne without her services. In addition to being a mid-wife of local fame, she had a number of remedies which she had concocted from herbs and other ingredients, and was looked upon, in some quarters, as "having the gift of healing" such as the Scripture promises to a few. Whenever and wherever there was sickness or trouble, especially if the family was poor, Mother Crampton was called.



Aunt Lizzie did the errand herself. She was in tears. "Oh, Mother Crampton, can you come and help my sister? The doctor has given her up."

"Why, you poor dear! Of course I can come. And I'm sure I can help her." The reply was so characteristic of Mother Crampton—she was always so ready to be helpful, and so confident of her own prescriptions, but more valuable than all else was her sympathy. Everyone who suffered was "Dearie" to her, and how many troubled souls she comforted!

Doctor Gibbony was delighted to have her help, and allowed her to go ahead and give Mother some of her home remedies. In an hour's time Mother was sleeping peacefully, and the poor old doctor was taking a "cat-nap," the first rest he had had in more than twenty-four hours.

She fed Mother a tea, brewed from dried buffalo meat, giving it at first with an eye-dropper, then with a spoon, finally by the cupful, a medicine wholly original with Mother Crampton.

In a few weeks we had the joy of seeing Mother around the house again, but before that, while she was still very ill, and under Mother Crampton's care, we had another bit of excitement.

The baby was asleep, the house quiet, all of us taking the rest that came from tension relieved after days of anxiety, when there was a rapping and calling at the front door somewhat after midnight. Father and I both rushed downstairs, and there stood a young man trying to comfort a dear old lady, over seventy, who was in much pain from a broken arm.

The young man had filed on a claim and gone back east to bring his mother, but there had been delays, and they had to travel at night to make up for lost time, as he must be on the claim by a certain very-near date. That January had seen heavy rains, and the road down the bank to the place where they had to ford the river had washed dangerously. It was never much of a road, and in the darkness the wagon wheels slipped and the wagon upset. The mother was thrown out and her arm broken.





The poor things were in terrible distress. How could the young man get to his claim on time and yet care properly for his mother, who was suffering from the accident? They had seen the light from Mother's window, and our house being nearest, had come to us. They did not come in vain. Father called the doctor and a neighbor, and among us all, the arm was set. Then Father helped to right the wagon and sent the young man on his way, while the mother stayed with us.

It was nearly a month before he could come back for her, and they were not able to hear from each other in all that time, while she was left with perfect strangers! Think of their anxiety! Meanwhile, however, we became very fond of her. She had the brave pioneer spirit, never complaining of her own sufferings, and trying to help us in whatever way she could, during the wearing days of Mother's illness.

It was just another incident of the cost of progress. Accident and anxiety, pain and suffering, and a determined rising above all of these, went into the conquering of the prairie.





## CHAPTER XIX

The house where Minnie was born was too large for what we considered a "small" family. Besides, it was on the outskirts of town which made rather a long walk for Steve and me. Town school children always came home for the midday meal, so the distance had to be travelled four times daily. In addition to these disadvantages, it was a *rented* house, and Father believed in owning. When Minnie was a year old, therefore, we moved into our own, brand-new house, just across the street from our present Osborne Court House.

Building a home in those days was a much simpler matter than building today. Father didn't have to take out a permit, nor was he hampered by laws requiring him to build so-many-feet back from the sidewalk. In fact, there were no sidewalks. He set the house anywhere on his lot. He had no architect, no blueprint, no builder, no union hours and no compensation insurance to increase the cost. He merely picked out the lot he wanted, paid for it (in cash), and bought his lumber, which, now that we had a sawmill, was already seasoned. Then Mother told him how many rooms she wanted, and what closets and cupboards, and he proceeded to build them. It was even simpler than the log house on the homestead.

When finished we had a typical cottage of the period: four enormous rooms downstairs and two, even more enormous, upstairs. Owing to the sloping roof, we called it "a story-and-a-half." The chimney went up through the center, with a fireplace in the living room, and a big wood-burning stove on the kitchen side. The pipe from this stove was carried into the sleeping rooms above, and into the chimney there via a tin "drum" (like an enlarged pipe) which heated the bedrooms very comfortably,



even on a cold winter's day. The stairway, straight and narrow, went up out of the dining room.

There was no "service porch." The wash tubs sat on a bench at the back door. No bath room. A wash basin was on the bench with the tubs, and a heavy towel on the kitchen door, and each bedroom had a wash-bowl and pitcher set of flowered china. There was no automatic hot water heater. The cookstove had a "water-back"—a boiler which held gallons of water, and which we considered very luxurious. Time had been when we heated with a kettle only. We filled the water-back with a bucket every day.

Let no one ask if we were "sanitary." We were. When I recall the big washings and ironings, without bleaches and disinfectants, sun-dried and wind-swept, I would give a great deal for another sniff of those Nature-perfumed clothes. And we bathed—conscientiously and regularly, for "cleanliness was next to godliness" in all the best homes. I might further add that a salesman for deodorants and pink soaps would have starved to death in our community. There was no market. And we didn't consider it refined to talk about "B.O." and "halitosis."

Our new house had no pergola nor patio; not even a good-sized porch, but we had a swing out under the cottonwoods. Daddy set the strong posts, and the broad board seat, fastened to the ropes, was very comfortable. Also Father enjoyed a fine garden space, and Mother had her beloved flowers again. It was a plain house, plain inside and out, but a very satisfactory one.

I have mentioned it in detail because a great many things happened there of interest to me, especially, and I like to recall it. We were a happy family, and a healthy one. None of us ever had any serious illness, which may have been because we led the normal lives of out-door people. While we had the usual number of accidents, there was never anything more than superficial hurts, even from Father's encounter with the buffalo, and Steve's bad fall when his horse stumbled in the prairie dog hole.





Our happiness may have come, in part, from that very healthfulness, but I think it was more nearly due to the fact that our parents cared so much for each other, and would never tolerate any quarrels or bickering among their children. We were taught—as were all pioneer children—to meet conditions as they came, and to put the best face upon everything. We learned to be cheerful under discouragements. They must have been thinking of the pioneer men and women when someone wrote:

“The man worth while is the one who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.”

The spring we moved into our new house saw several very heavy hail storms. One of them was the most picturesque storm I ever witnessed—and in some ways the most terrible. Like the grasshoppers, it appeared like a small cloud in the distance, hanging low. There was no wind, and it crept along toward us, like a cruel demon, ready to devour our little city. Coming from the northwest, it travelled east on our main street, the sun shining on either side of it.

As it came, we could see something falling which we supposed was rain, but striking Osborne, it seemed more as if boulders were dropping upon us. They were hailstones, most of them as large as pullet eggs, and many the size of turkey eggs. It did a great deal of damage to growing things, to stock and to buildings, but not nearly as much as if the wind had been blowing. The air was still—almost a dead calm.

That hail storm was an example of what I mean by “putting the best face upon discouragements.” Despite the damage, everyone was relieved that it was no worse, and every family had ice cream that day. The storm had scarcely passed when all the children were out, gathering the hailstones in tubs and buckets, everybody cheerful and full of jokes.





My brother Steve was growing up even faster than I was. He was big and strong, and had his own "crowd." The coming of Rose, Mother's illness, and the responsibility I felt for baby Minnie, all combined to hasten the maturity of the eldest daughter. Whichever way I turned, someone would be sure to remind me that I was "almost a young lady." My skirts went down to my ankles. My hair came up on my head—with a plenitude of "rats," although I wore fewer of these hot, uncomfortable, hair pads than most of my friends, my hair being very thick and heavy.

I continued at school, but there were privileges not hitherto accorded me. I was no longer sent off to bed early, but helped Mother entertain her friends. Well do I remember how honored I felt to be allowed to remain with the grown folks instead of being sent off as "in the way." Also, we had more young people at our house, and I was permitted to go to the homes of the other girls on occasion.

What did we do? Quite enough to fill our time pleasantly. We had no radios, to be sure, and no motion pictures or theatres. There were very few travelling shows and circuses through our part of the country. We did act out words—called "Charades"—and get up a few home-talent plays. We had no public libraries. There were no automobiles, and we had never heard the word "speed" in the modern sense, nor did we talk of being "thrilled." Neither were we "just crazy" about anything.

It was about that time that the telephone was declared a success. All the boys were interested in the experiments then going on, quite as much interested, in fact, as they are now in aviation. They used to stretch a wire between tin cans for a distance of several blocks, and we would try to talk through it. The result was much laughter but poor transmission.

Books were fewer than today, and more expensive, and newspapers and magazines were limited in number as well, but families managed to get some reading, and this was passed around among the neighbors, so that we were as well informed, in Osborne,



as in most small towns. Singing schools were another diversion. They were very popular. Then we had spelling bees which were a great deal of fun, and games that were played at home, under the watchful but friendly eyes of our elders. Dances, of course, but Seventh Day Adventist families did not encourage this, so I was never allowed to attend. Neither could I take part in the home-theatricals, Charades and the like, although I might witness them. Father had no use for "play-acting."

There were very few pianos. Organs were much more in favor, although I could count on my ten fingers all the organs in Osborne. I learned to play—at the other girls' houses. Daddy was going to buy me an organ but he wanted to be sure, first, of my ability! I argued that I must have one to practice on, but he thought it was not necessary. He liked organ music, but not sufficiently.

It was a leisurely life we led then, with time for our friends and for the interchange of neighborly kindness. As compared with the rush of today it was "slow" but I am not sorry it was. I have an old-fashioned conviction that it ministered to the things of the spirit; that it was highly character-forming. Anyway, we enjoyed our youth. There was plenty of mirth. My grand-daughters and grandson would be surprised could they have one of our taffy-pullings, for example, reproduced for them.

They pity me for the many things I do not know: the new slang words; the name of the latest champion (champion of this-and-that); the highest speed that some dare-devil racer made last week. Often I pity them for the things they never can know: the leisure that breeds friendship and sympathy; the peace that comes from tasks well performed in an age when tasks were the most of life and pleasure only a small part; the happiness that results from self-expression under difficulties—like Walter with his violin. It is easy for young people nowadays to realize their ambitions. There are helping hands on all sides, but it was not so then.





Speaking of taffy-pulls, I can see now, in memory, the strong farm horses, stepping off with dignity the miles between the sorghum cane fields and the sorghum mill, dragging the heavily loaded wagon. When the cane was crushed, there came out a liquid like water, colorless and sweetish to the taste. This was put into large vats, and fires built under them, so that the liquid could boil down into syrup.

It required hours for this process. When completed, the newly-made syrup was drained off into barrels or kegs, and was ready to be hauled home for family use. During the sorghum season, which was in the fall, the mill shifts worked steadily the whole twenty-four hours. Once started, the process had to be completed. I remember that men took great pride in their skill in sorghum making. The mill hired only "experts."

The fall season saw the young people in a series of parties, in which the chief interest centered around candy-making. The only difference between such parties then and now was that this happened to be molasses candy instead of fudge. The syrup was measured into kettles and boiled until it reached a certain stage, when it was poured to cool on buttered platters. When the mass was cool enough, we greased our hands (dirt and all, for I don't remember many requests for the wash basin as a preparation) and pulled chunks of the dark mass back and forth between us until it was cream colored and brittle. Then it was cut into small pieces and eaten.

There was lots of fun: as when we put two enormous platters of fresh taffy (just from the kettle, before it was "pulled") out on the tub-bench by the kitchen door so it would cool quickly, and when we went to take it in, saw it disappearing around the corner of the house. Ghosts? Oh no, only some mischievous neighbor boys who had not been invited to the party. Oh yes, we captured them and the taffy too, and being enemy-losers, we made them wash dishes as a punishment.





All in good temper. The next time we probably thought up some trick to play on them. *Any* crowd of young people, in *any* age, can be depended upon to find enough things to do, to talk about, and to laugh about, to be entirely happy. We had all the traits of human beings through the years: jealousies and heart-burnings; peace-makings and surrenderings; failures and successes; traits noble and ignoble—the mixture that is in all of us.

And Cupid was forever around. He walked into my life most unexpectedly. There was no good hotel or boarding house in Osborne then, and one day the banker came to Mother with two young men, to know if she would "take them in and look after them." It was Edward Erastus Bryson, youngest son of ex-Mayor John Bryson, a Los Angeles pioneer. Ed was then just out of a military school in Chicago, come to Osborne to carry on a lumber yard recently established there by his father. The other young man was his assistant, Sam Sparks, but he didn't count. At least not with me at that time.

The miracle of all miracles had taken place: in a few weeks I was ready and willing to leave the home in which I had been so happy; my father and mother, and even my darling Rosie, and little Minnie, to walk the rest of life's way with a stranger! In two months we were married. His people and my people had been neighbors in Washington, Iowa, so no great obstacles were laid in our way. All the girls in Osborne would have "given their right hands" (just an expression) for a kindling of interest in his handsome face, but he had eyes only for me.

It was a very quiet home wedding, as befitted the daughter of a strict Adventist, and because I lacked the satin gown and bridal veil so popular now but so unnecessary then, I "stood up" in Aunt Lizzie's bridal finery: a tan colored taffeta silk, short-waisted, long-sleeved, high-necked, ruffled to the waist, and, of course, with a big bustle.



The ceremony was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we had a plain little supper before the bride and groom "left for parts unknown." Our honeymoon trip lasted twenty-four hours, and then we were in our own first little home, a dear memory to every happy bride.





## CHAPTER XX

Changes! That, I think, is what every marriage spells. In those first few months I was homesick for Mother and the other dear ones, and yet inordinately proud of being Mrs. Edward Erastus Bryson. I longed for the old home, and yet took great pride and joy in my new one.

We set up housekeeping in Concordia, Kansas, where another lumber yard had been opened by Father Bryson, but after a few months here, Ed was sent to a more important yard in "Scandi." I am uncertain as to its proper name, "Scandi" being only the nickname. Anyway, it was a prosperous Scandinavian settlement a few miles north of Concordia.

Before making this move, however, a heart-breaking tragedy came to Osborne County, Kansas. I cannot finish this narrative of our prairie days without including this story.

In the spring of 1870 General Hiram Bull founded the tiny settlement of "Bull City." History was spoiled when it was later renamed "Alton." I have mentioned General and Mrs. Bull repeatedly, for everyone loved them. Far and near no one could be found without a word of praise for them. As Osborne County became more thickly populated, there were both city and county officers needed, and our first citizen, General Bull, was invariably the voters' choice. Later on, we sent him to Washington as our first Congressman.

It was a joy to their friends to see how the General's various interests in the community brought the couple prosperity, so that they were able to make extensive improvements to their original homestead. Their new home was built on a corner of the claim in a most lovely spot: the high bank of a stream, fed by many springs along its route. He had put a dam across the stream to





form a lake, and had a very artistic bridge leading to an enclosed acreage which we would call a Zoo park.

Not having any children but being affectionate and kind by nature, the General and his wife were exceedingly humane. All the animals they owned became pets. As the years went on, any strays always landed at their door, and seeing how well the poor things were treated, their admirers and friends would give them pets. Hunters finding a young animal or wild fowl would often bring it, alive, to the General's house, until he had so many dumb creatures dependent upon his bounty that some place of their own had to be provided.

The pond was therefore made for the waterfowl (as well as for its beauty) and quite an acreage was set aside and fenced, for the larger animals. These included a young buffalo, a deer, an antelope, and a pair of young elk, all of them gentle, for they had been petted and handled constantly to keep them tame. The enclosure was called: "Mrs. Bull's Park," and it was always visited by the public. I remember that on the Fourth of July before the tragedy, General and Mrs. Bull kept open house, and all callers went to the park to admire and pet the animals, especially the elk.

The horns of the male elk were just growing nicely, being perhaps twelve or fifteen inches long, in the stage called "velvet." He came to me, ate something out of my hand, then put his head down to have me rub and admire those beautiful, soft horns, which had the appearance and feel of very soft brown velvet. From one caller to another he trotted, seeming never to tire of being fondled and petted, but a few short months told another story.

Early fall is mating time for elk, and the male is always ill-tempered. The General, who had made a study of his animals to learn the best way of taking care of them, had been advised to conquer this male at the first sign of an ugly mood. The fatal day came on Sunday, the 12th day of October, 1879. General and Mrs. Bull were eating breakfast in their lovely little breakfast room when



the Zoo keeper rushed in to say that the elk was very cross when fed that morning. "What shall I do?" he asked.

"Conquer him at once," was the quick answer, and while the General was talking he armed himself with a long club, giving one to the animal's keeper. As they opened the gate, the elk was there to meet them. General Bull did not know what fear was, so he went forward unhesitatingly, thinking to club the animal into submission. He raised the weapon but never got to strike, for at that moment the elk lowered his head, made one lunge with his horns (which had grown large and powerful by this time) and ran them clear through the General's body.

While he was still impaled on the cruel horns, the elk made for his keeper, who was just behind the General, and killed him in a twinkling. Two men working a short distance away, ran to the rescue. One was instantly killed by the enraged brute, and the other escaped death because a book in his pocket kept the horns from going further. They caught in his clothing instead, but the impact tossed him over the fence to safety.

All this time Mrs. Bull was standing on the veranda overlooking the park, and saw what was taking place. It was no wonder that she completely lost her reason for days. Even after it returned, she was never in good health, although she lived several years.

In that day, the only method of spreading news or getting help was by messenger on horseback. We had no telephone or telegraph, and the radio and airplane were many years away. Automobiles were not even imagined. Brother Walter, on a speedy horse, brought the sad news to Osborne, the County seat, fifteen miles east of Bull City. Then he gathered together a few fearless young men and rode back to the scene of disaster. I do not remember all who went, but I know there were my two brothers, Lou and Walter, Bob Bates, Joe Campbell, and Delos and Cassius Austin.





This little company succeeded in lassoing the elk and tying him securely between two large trees. That very night *someone*—his name was never known—slipped into the park and shot the animal. It was a deed unregretted, for our beloved General was dead, as well as two men who had tried to be of assistance; the beautiful home was later sold; the park closed; and Mrs. Bull was permanently an invalid.

For fifty years the General's grave was marked only by the little white headstone furnished by the Government for all veterans of the Civil War. Then the "Osborne County Farmer," a weekly rural paper, suggested a suitable monument, and began taking subscriptions for same. In 1930 the monument (of beautiful white marble, suitably engraved) was dedicated, and I had the honor and pleasure of being present.

Soon after this tragedy, my husband and I, newly-married, moved away from Osborne. Only Steve was home (a young man now); Rosie, six; and Minnie, four. Daddy was tired of the commission business in town, and as our renters were doing very badly with the homestead, he decided to move back. Mother had missed her two "big" boys, and her elder daughter, and I think the little log house where we had all been together may have seemed to her a happier place.

When my baby was coming, naturally I wanted to be with Mother, so I went home, and our little daughter was born there on the homestead. I shall never forget those days with Mother. To my surprise, a change had come over me. It was not my home any more, dear and familiar as it was. And now that I was a woman grown, assuming the responsibilities that normal women have, Mother was friend, comforter and guide as she had never been before. Even Daddy was more companionable to me. It was all homey and delightful, but I was willing, when the time came, to take Baby back to her own home, where we both belonged. This is what marriage does to us.





Our daughter was only a year old when the lumber yard in "Scandi" was sold, and we went back to Iowa—Red Oak, near Omaha—where my husband took charge of his father's farm.

It was while living here that I sustained the greatest loss of my life up to that time: our dear mother passed away at the homestead, and was laid to rest in the little Adventist Cemetery at Bull City (Alton). News did not travel fast then, as it does now, by ordinary mail, and telegraph messages were expensive, but my heavy heart would have told me the story (it seemed to me) without words. I had brothers and sisters, husband and child, but each love was different. Nothing can replace the tender, brooding affection of a good mother.

It was in September that this dear, useful life went out. In October a tiny life came in: our little son was born.

As soon as I was able to take up general housekeeping cares again, Father brought Rose and Minnie to me, and he went on to Oregon, which he had once visited years before. There were a number of Adventists there, and it seemed as if a change might be good for him. He was lost without Mother, and I did not wonder that he felt he must sell the homestead.

Her belongings we did not have to worry about. The renters had still been on the farm when Mother died, and while Father was making funeral arrangements, these people, whom he had so greatly befriended, took all of her bedding, dishes, and most of the personal belongings her children would have cherished. Daddy never got any trace of them after this theft.

His trip to Oregon became a permanent residence for several years. The year after his arrival he married a widow there, thinking he was making a home for the little girls. His children felt that it was a great mistake, which it proved to be, and eventually he was alone again, but remained in Oregon until he came to spend his last years with his three daughters in Los Angeles.

All of the Brysons came to California in 1887. One of their interests was the establishment of the first artificial ice-making



plant in Los Angeles. It was situated down near the old Aliso Street bridge.

My husband and I, with our two small children, left Iowa and came to California about eighteen months after the elder Brysons were settled here. Our first home was in Monrovia, but we were living in Los Angeles when I was widowed.

Then—a business for myself: dressmaking (for a time) which I decided was not only necessary but added to my self-respect. My son and my daughter were both enough to gladden any mother's heart. My sisters were nearby. My church—Baptist, not Adventist—claimed all my spare time and interest.

And so the years have slipped along. Busy years, too filled with doing for me to do much thinking. It is only in the later time, with grandchildren growing up, that I have had leisure for memories. And out of that leisure has come this little story: a true tale of how Faith and Determination built Opportunity for these same young people, carving it with the very lives of their pioneer ancestors in prairie days.







## PART II

"The eyes of Memory will not sleep,  
Its ears are open still,  
And vigils with the Past they keep  
Against my feeble will."







KORB FAMILY IN WASHINGTON, IOWA (1865)





## CHAPTER XXI

As I sit in the brief twilight of a California day and think back over what has gone into these pages, memories throng me—things of a more personal nature than seemed to belong in the general narrative of how the hardy pioneers of my family conquered the prairie. For this reason I have added some reminiscences where there would be no repetition of what has gone before.

### SAMANTHA ANN McCALLISTER KORB

Our mother was unusually devoted to her family, especially to her children. She completely effaced her own personality in that devotion, even to putting herself in danger in order to care for us. None of us could ever say too much in her praise. I can recall many incidents of her self-sacrifice and courage, one being when we lived in Washington, Iowa.

Daddy had bought some wood at a distance, and my two elder brothers, Louis and Walter (not yet in their teens) had it to haul home. While early fall, it had turned cold, so that rain would turn into sleet and make the roads slippery and dangerous. The boys had loaded their wagon and started on the long way to their destination when snow, sleet and dusk overtook them. The road was so slippery for the horses that the going was very slow.

About two miles from home there was an extremely dangerous turn in the road. Mother was worried, but Father, wanting the boys to be self-reliant, said they would make it all right; that they were fine, manly little chaps; and that the horses were so well trained they could make it by themselves. Mother was reassured for a moment, but soon she slipped out of the room, put on heavy coat and overshoes, and walked two miles in the snow!





She was waiting at the turn when the wagon slowly heaved in sight. The boys were amazed to hear her voice as she shouted cheerily to them. Then she climbed to the wagon seat, and said quietly: "Move over, Walter. I'll drive the rest of the way for you. Your hands must be cold. Are you wrapped up warmly enough, Louie?"

Each of the boys had been secretly wondering whether they could make that turn, and they have told me, in later years, how relieved they were to hear Mother's voice. Not only was it an adventure to try even Mother's love, but it serves as an example of how the courage and fortitude of the pioneer woman contributed to the conquering of the west.

As I look back and think how Mother managed her family, and at the same time helped so many others, I wonder at her capacity for judgment and action. She was the most efficient and wonderful woman I ever knew. No matter what was required by anyone, if we could not get the real article, she could find the best substitute. She always had something for everyone who needed.

If it was the arrival of a baby, she would fill her basket with clean, soft clothes, take something for the mother, and away she would go. Frequently her family would not see her until the next day, when the new baby and its mother were all cared for and quite comfortable. All around Bull City the settlers sung her praises.

The next demand might be from a family short of bedding or food. There again she would be able to respond. The long evening hours of sewing always produced an extra comfort, a few yards of rag carpet, or some clean, mended garments. Always, too, she would pack a basket of substantial food for the hungry ones, and something appetizing and dainty for the sick. Nothing ever went to waste at our house,

"For wilful waste  
makes woeful want"





as she often quoted to us. Even rags were washed and put aside. All the left-over vegetables and fruits were canned, preserved, or pickled. "If not for us, then they will do for somebody else," she would always say. And they did.

The neighbors seemed to have the most unbounded faith in her resourcefulness. One time they brought her a boy who had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Mother was dressing a number of young chickens when he unexpectedly arrived. Without moving from her place she said: "Uncover the wound." Then she bound the leg tightly with the body of a chicken covering the wound. The boy was badly frightened, but she ministered to his mind as well as to his body, and he was soon quiet. There was no doctor within many miles, but she continued this treatment, and the boy entirely recovered.

On another occasion a man came to her. He had been in some sort of accident, and his eyes were filled with turpentine. He was suffering intensely, but she bathed his eyes with sweet, fresh milk, and the effect was immediate. The relief was truly remarkable, and he suffered no ill effects to his vision from the turpentine.

At another time, a man came to her from the adjoining County, begging Mother to go to his house as he feared his wife was losing her mind. I was afraid of insane persons and pleaded with Mother not to go, but she went. More than that, she brought the woman home, sent for the doctor, nursed her a few weeks, and the patient recovered from the ailment, whatever it might have been. The doctor gave Mother all the credit.

The younger generation can hardly imagine living without trained nurses, hospitals, and doctors within telephone call. At that time, there were no "trained" nurses; no hospitals short of the great cities; our nearest drug store—a very poorly stocked affair—was fifteen miles away; we were miles from the doctor and even our nearest neighbors; and telephones were being experimented upon, but were not in common use with us.



In addition to all this practical work for family and neighbors, Mother was artistic. Sister Rose is clever in the art of making hooked rugs, but Mother may have originated the idea. At least she introduced it in Kansas. That I know. Father was an expert with tools, had a quick imagination, and when Mother would explain what she wanted, he would supply the need. He fashioned her a steel hook, fitted a comfortable wooden handle, and this made her work much easier.

Mother used to cut her rags, dye them, and work out her own rug patterns, which were not only useful but beautiful. We all wore home-knit yarn stockings in the winter, for it was very cold in the winter time, often 20 degrees below zero. When the stockings were so worn that they were beyond comfortable mending, they were ravelled out and made into rugs.

I could go to much greater lengths telling of our mother's ability to meet situations, her resourcefulness, and at all times her good humor. She possessed a kindly, helpful spirit, full of gentleness and loving kindness, but I could never fully describe or give due credit to that wonderful mother of ours.

Her last illness was contracted at a camp meeting. Daddy took her in a spring wagon to the home of her sister, (our Aunt Lizzie), fifteen miles away. She lived but three days. There was a doctor there, however, and she had all the care that facilities permitted. He diagnosed the case as "strangulation of the bowel" and said that if he had been able to secure the assistance of a good surgeon, they could have operated and saved her! There were no X-rays then and doctors lacked most of the equipment which is such a help in modern practice.

She was laid to rest in the little Adventist Cemetery near Bull City (Alton), a place in which no burials have been made in recent years, as there is no Adventist organization there now. It has been my privilege and comfort to fence in the plot, and place a fitting inscription there to the memory of our wonderful pioneer mother.





"There is none like her—none—  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased."

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"Sweetly did she speak and move,  
Such a one do I remember,  
Whom to look at was to love."

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"Faithful, gentle, good,  
Wearing the rose of Womanhood."





## CHAPTER XXII

### HENRY LOUIS KORB

Brother Lou (or "Louie" as Mother always called him) was the oldest child, and he was just that—the big brother of the family. He was entirely dependable always, and Mother's best helper. If there was a hard or tedious task, it fell to Louie to carry it out, and he did his best. Also he never failed to see that we younger children were cared for and protected. This was shown in school when big boys were inclined to bully the little ones. They never dared try it on Steve or me.

For all that, he was loved by both children and teachers, and was held in the same esteem and affection by the neighbors from childhood to young manhood. Always he had a cheery greeting, with a joke or a laugh for everyone. Especially was he a favorite with elderly people. He was deferential and sympathetic, and if they were in any sort of trouble, they would always tell him. Before the talk was over, he would have them feeling better, and often laughing.

Under great pressure, as when he was highly indignant at some wrong or cruelty, he would swear forcibly, but it never seemed like ordinary profanity. I once heard a preacher say (half in joke and half in earnest) that he would "rather hear Lou Korb swear, when he is righteously indignant, than to hear some people pray." True, Louie had a temper that would flash out when someone offended (especially if the smaller or weaker were hurt thereby) but he quickly gained control of himself and was usually in pretty constant good humor.

He had a steadfastness even as a younger boy. We burned wood in those days. Gas and electricity were not used in our part

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WAY TO THE FUTURE

For the first time in the history of the world, the whole of humanity is now facing a common problem. The world is no longer divided into separate nations, each with its own interests and its own destiny. It is now a single, unified entity, and the fate of each individual is bound up with the fate of the whole. This is a new and unprecedented situation, and it demands a new and unprecedented response. We must find a way to live together in peace and harmony, and we must find a way to secure a bright future for all.

The first step towards this goal is to recognize the fact that we are all part of the same human family. We must stop thinking of ourselves as separate nations or races, and we must start thinking of ourselves as members of a single, global community. This is a difficult task, but it is one that we must undertake if we are to have any chance of success. We must also recognize the fact that we are all responsible for the future of the world. We cannot leave it to the hands of fate, or to the hands of a few powerful nations. We must all take part in the decision-making process, and we must all be prepared to accept the consequences of our actions.

The second step towards this goal is to work for the elimination of all forms of discrimination and oppression. We must create a world in which all people are treated as equals, and in which all people have the right to live in peace and harmony. This is a goal that we must all strive for, and it is a goal that we must all be prepared to sacrifice for. We must also work for the elimination of all forms of poverty and hunger. We must create a world in which all people have access to the basic necessities of life, and in which all people have the opportunity to improve their lot. This is a goal that we must all strive for, and it is a goal that we must all be prepared to sacrifice for.

The third step towards this goal is to work for the establishment of a world government. This is a government that would be responsible for the peace and security of the world, and it would be responsible for the welfare of all its people. This is a goal that we must all strive for, and it is a goal that we must all be prepared to sacrifice for.

of the country, and coal was not available, either. If Mother would tell Lou that the woodbox was nearly empty, he would go without a word and fill it up with wood enough to last a day or so longer. If she said the same thing to Walter, he would laugh, give her a hug and kiss, and bring in one armful of wood.

That same difference marked them in other ways. On the farm there was much work to be done and it was necessary to get up very early in the morning to do the chores. When we were going to school, we had to hurry through everything, for the stock had to be fed, and the horses watered, fed, and sometimes curried. Daddy kept six or eight horses, and the reader can judge of the time it would take.

Daddy was the first to be up, then he would call the boys. Lou would always quickly answer: "Sir" and at the same moment we would hear his feet hit the floor. Brother Walter would sleepily say: "Y-e-s, pretty soon," and then take his time about rising.

Walter was easy-going and slow to anger, but courageous and unflinching. If anyone "talked back" to Lou, Walter would listen for awhile, calmly walk over to the offender, look into his eye and say evenly: "Now you have said just about enough." That never failed to stop any argument. He would have fought to defend Lou, and together they would have faced any danger.

The two boys got along together with almost no quarrels or disagreements. Under the same roof they grew to manhood, then went into business together, yet complete harmony existed. In later life, when Walter's wife died, Lou took him and his little son into his home, and Lou's wife mothered the little boy until Walter married again.

The time came when Lou wanted more land, so he went to Hoxie, Kansas, about seventy-five miles west of Bull City (or Alton, as it is now). He secured a large farm, and then built his home in the town of Hoxie. In connection with his farming, he raised horses and mules. He was never a great politician but friends persuaded him to run for Sheriff of the County. He was elected





with very little opposition, but soon found that there were duties connected with the office that were not pleasant to him.

On one occasion he was called upon to levy on some cows that belonged to a widow. She had three children, and they lived on a tiny place, the cows being their chief support. Her husband had died shortly before, and she was rather helpless, but trying valiantly to support her little brood. The doctor who had attended her husband began to press her for payment of his bill. She had no money but he was insistent, and finally carried out his threat of sending for the Sheriff to take the cows. The doctor (strange as it seems, for doctors are not usually of this character) had gone through the legal process necessary, and the papers were given Brother Lou to serve.

When Lou arrived at the place, the woman met him tearfully, and explained what it would mean to her and the children. They would face starvation. It was one of the most difficult situations Lou had ever been called upon to handle. He walked about, looking at the shabby little farm, trying to think how he could assist the poor woman and her dependent brood. With mind made up finally, he went back to town, to the District Attorney, and asked: "Does my office require me to do this thing to that widow and those little orphans? Must I go out and rob the poor to settle a little debt like that?"

The District Attorney said "yes," and added that they "couldn't help the law being what it was."

Without hesitation Brother Lou unpinned his badge and laid it on the table that did duty for a desk. "Here is where I quit," he said, with a few earnest "cuss words," "if I have to do such dirty work. I lived before this job was handed to me, and with the Lord's help I'll live without it. I'll not be a party to taking the food out of the mouths of babies."

He sat down to write out his resignation. The other man tried to argue him out of it, but Lou was thoroughly angry. The District Attorney and others quickly took some action that saved





the widow's cows for her and the children, and persuaded Lou to remain in office. He served nine years without opposition, and never did he do an unkind deed. Here again he was universally loved and respected; not only where he had grown up, but where he had chosen to make his new home.

Brother Lou was married to Lottie Boltinghouse, a girl from one of the pioneer families of Bull City, her parents coming to Osborne County a year or so after we did. Lottie was the second girl in a large family. She was a splendid housekeeper, and made Brother Lou a good wife and helpmeet.

It was while they were living on the edge of the little town of Hoxie that one of the many tragedies of prairie days occurred: a cyclone which gave us the greatest scare and wrecked our nerves more than any previous happening in our family.

It was Friday, just after noon, in the early fall of the year 1887. Brother had been watching the cloud all morning and felt extremely uneasy as he started home for dinner. (In those days we had our heavy meal, or "dinner" in the middle of the day. The evening meal was "supper"). After they had eaten, he spoke to his wife about this peculiar looking cloud and urged her to take the children and go to the storm cave. In Kansas, almost every family had a dug-out or storm-cave, the low, flat roof (almost even with the ground) strengthened with heavy wooden beams. They were furnished sparingly with chairs and cots and plenty of blankets, for they were cold places in which to stay.

Lottie, good housekeeper that she was, replied: "In a minute—when I put the food away. You are always so nervous about storms."

"*I mean this minute,*" Brother insisted. Without another word she took the three little children and hurried out. Pioneer wives always had the care and protection of the children, for the pioneer husbands had to see to the livestock.

Louie started for the barn, a very large building, which not only sheltered the stock but had a loft full of hay and grain for



the winter. I always sympathized with the rich man in the Bible who was willing to tear down his barns and build greater ones when the crops were heavy. The barn, to the pioneer family, represented the family's wealth. It housed most of that which they had worked for, and the loss of one was a tragedy indeed.

Louie's barn was located about the distance of two city blocks from their house. One glance at the sky and he started to run, hoping to reach shelter before the rain started. The cloud had become so large and vicious looking that for the first time the thought of a cloudburst crossed his mind. There were no radios then to give storm warnings when it was still several hundred miles away, an advantage enjoyed by present-day farmers. Every man had to be his own weather prophet.

Louie was only about halfway to his destination when something seemed to jerk his feet out from under him and he fell face downward on the ground. So great was the force of the wind and dust going over him that he lost consciousness for a time. How long he lay there he never knew, but when he could think again, neither house nor barn could be seen for swirling dust. He tried to rise, but the wind bore him down. Exerting every ounce of strength in his body—and Lou was a strong man—he crawled along the ground, peering ahead but seeing nothing. The dust had the effect of a thick fog.

Finally he could stand, and at last the dust settled enough for him to see the faint outlines of his house. Into the next few minutes were crowded several Thanksgiving days. Nothing seemed to matter when he knew that his home and family were safe, and that he was unharmed. At last he thought of the barn, and turning, straining his eyes to see through the dust, discovered a most amazing spectacle: the floor was there, with everything on it, even the horses and mules tied to their stalls as usual, and the buggy in its accustomed place, but the walls and roof, together with the heavy load of hay and grain in the loft, were gone. Not one splinter of the barn nor one straw of the hay did he ever find!





The town of Hoxie escaped with but little damage. Some small out-buildings and the church steeple blown away summed up the losses, but another town, a dozen miles off, was completely wiped out. Brother Louie's place bore the brunt of the storm in our neighborhood, his loss of the barn and the feed for his stock being the greatest misfortune suffered there. It was one of the worst cyclones that Western Kansas ever experienced, but Hoxie and adjoining areas received only one little swipe of the twister's tail.

Lou passed away, after a long illness, February 11th, 1916. I heard Lottie say to their children (all grown by this time): "Your father hasn't left you a large fortune, but he has left you something that money cannot buy: a good name. He was a clean and upright man. His character was unspotted. You will never have to blush for him or any of his acts."

To this eulogy, I, his sister, can say a fervent "Amen." I knew him from my earliest childhood, and while I am no doubt much biased in my opinion, I believe he was one of the finest men that ever lived.

Lottie, Lou's wife, proved to be a wonderful mother, and all our family loved her devotedly. There were six children born to this union.

Florence was the oldest girl, and had a sweet disposition that endeared her to all of us. She was a blonde, and resembled her father's family. We all learned to depend upon Florence. She was married, rather young, to Len Miller, and they were blessed with three children.

The oldest, a son, was named for his grandfather, "Louis." He grew up to be a fine, promising young man, but met a tragic and untimely death, being thrown by a vicious horse against a tree, and his back broken. It was a great sorrow, as he was our parents' first great-grandchild.





The second child was also a boy, a fine, healthy chap, who was named "Loren." He is now married to a "native daughter" of California. Ruby has made him a fine wife but they have no children at this writing. Loren holds a responsible position with the City of Los Angeles.

The youngest child of Florence and Len was a girl, Leta, a blonde with large blue eyes and many of her mother's sweet traits of character. She married a fine, wide-awake young fellow, Herbert Larison, who was born, reared and educated at Riverside, California. They have a little daughter, Joan, born in 1930, making the fifth generation.

Unhappily, our dear Florence did not live to see her daughter, Leta, grow up, nor to see her grandchild, Joan. She passed away when Leta was about fourteen. Aunt Jennie Pontius and her husband, and Leta's grandmother, Lottie Korb, were very kind and helpful to the three motherless children, Louis, Loren and Leta. They all grew up with credit to themselves and to the family.

Brother Lou's second child was a son, and no other name would do for him but "Walter," after the beloved brother of that name. He turned out to be a fine and dependable man, like his father. Attending college in Kansas City, Missouri, he took his degree and became a veterinary surgeon. When the United States took over the Philippines, the Government sent him to the Orient. Finishing college in 1908, he sailed almost immediately for our new possessions, being attached to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Husbandry. He was in the Philippines four years continuously, came home for a four-months vacation, and went back for four years more. On his *second* return home, he arrived on Christmas Day, 1915, and passed away with pneumonia March 3rd, 1916. He never married.

The third child of Brother Louis was a girl named "Jennie" for Aunt Jane, our beloved "Aunt Jen." She was the handsomest



child they had, with brown eyes and brown curls. In womanhood, all her early promise of beauty was fulfilled. She married C. Arthur Pontius, a fine man whom we all love. In this marriage, two lovely girls were born—Mother's *great* grand-children—and they came into the heritage of the McCallister beauty and red hair, which had skipped their parents and grandparents.

The sad part is that Jennie was heir to the McCallister trouble: a weak heart. She passed away in May, 1935. Her two daughters, however, were well trained. Margery, who was seventeen at the time of her mother's death, made a fine housekeeper for her father, with the help of her younger sister, Wilda Fame, who is a little darling, taking her place as a real helper. She has proved to be a cook of much ability, and has rare common sense for a girl of her age.

The fourth child of Brother Louie was a boy, named "Raymond," a very dear little fellow, but he passed away in infancy.

Brother Louis' fifth child was a girl named "Nell," born in Hoxie, Kansas, and now grown into splendid womanhood. She graduated from High and Normal Schools, and taught for some time in the Hoxie schools. Then she married Dr. Ernest Jones Beckner, who served in the World War as physician and surgeon. He was in England for a time, serving with the British Army mostly.

Dr. Beckner was commissioned in the U. S. Army as First Lieutenant in the Medical Section on December 28th, 1917; was called for duty April 13th, 1918 and sent to Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas; was ordered overseas in May, 1918, sailing from New York on June 2nd, 1918 for London, where he was assigned to the British Army. At London, he was ordered to Blackpool, England, for training in the Royal Army Medical Corps. After six weeks of this training, he was ordered to France to join the 15th Scottish Division, and was assigned to the 48th Field Ambulance,





where he remained until the Armistice, November 11th, 1918. After the Armistice, he was sent to London, for home service with the British Army. On February 17th, 1919, he was commissioned Captain, and later still, Major, in the U. S. Reserves. In May, 1919, he was returned to the United States, where he received honorable discharge. Strange to say, he was never wounded, although in front line service most of the time.

Nell is tall, stately in appearance, and not as fair as other members of the family, her hair being quite a dark brown. She is universally regarded as a most capable and lovable woman. She and her husband now live in Goodland, Kansas, where Dr. Beckner is practicing medicine.

Only one child was born of this union: a girl named "Jean," who is now in her last year in college at Washington, D. C. She married another student, Dale Maxwell, before receiving her degree, but continued her college work even while expecting a visit from the stork. The baby was named "Martha Jean" and has the McCalister reddish-brown hair. This child is of the fifth generation.

The sixth and last child born to Brother Louis and Lottie was named "William W." He came on his mother's birthday, August 12th, a fine, sturdy chap. When old enough he followed in his brother's footsteps, attending college in Kansas City. After graduation he practiced veterinary medicine at Hoxie, Kansas, in 1916 and 1917. Then he entered the World War, serving to the end.

He was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Veterinary Corps, U. S. Army, June 23rd, 1917, and ordered to Chicago to take a course in meat and milk inspection. From there he was sent to Camp Grant at Rockford, Illinois, as camp meat and milk inspector, where he remained until January, 1918, when he sailed for Europe as a casual officer.

He first went to England and then to France, serving in a replacement camp for a month, and then being moved to headquarters for the Service of Supply, located at Tours, France. He was





there made Adjutant to the Chief Veterinarian of the U. S. Army in France, where he remained until sailing for home March 1st, 1919. He was discharged from the service April 2nd, 1919, at Camp Dix, New Jersey. In 1934 he entered the service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Husbandry (like his brother Walter, whom he greatly admired) and is still there.

This young man married, just before going to war, a fine girl named Ruth McVey. She is from a good old Scotch family of Hill City, in Western Kansas. They too were pioneers, having gone there about 1880—ten years after we arrived in Kansas. Ruth has been a wonderful help to Billy (as we affectionately call him). She kept "the home fires burning" while Billy was in the war by teaching Domestic Science in the Hill City High School, continuing for some time afterwards.

It is a pity that our boys who went overseas, at great sacrifice, were soon forgotten after they came home. Most of them had a hard, hard time to get re-established.

Billy and Ruth have one son, "Billy Mac" in which name may be recognized part of his mother's maiden name of McVey. He is, of course, our mother's great-grandchild—the fifth generation.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### NOAH WALTER KORB

The second son in our immediate family was given the name of "Noah Walter." He was two years younger than Brother Lou, and deeply devoted to him. In fact, they were almost inseparable all the while they were single. Neither one of the boys went with us when we moved to Osborne, both being married soon afterward.

While still very young, (in February, 1880), Brother Walter married Mary Skirwin, the daughter of Southerners living in Western Kansas. We never knew very much about them except hearing that the children numbered an even dozen, and that they were all natural musicians, each playing some sort of musical instrument.

It was this, I think, which attracted Walter to their home. As a boy he had gotten an old violin from somewhere, and had learned to do passably well with a few ordinary tunes when Father found it out. To him, a strict, Seventh Day Adventist of the stern old school, a violin was "the devil's own music." Walter was forbidden to touch the accursed thing. To brother, it was fun and relaxation and a hobby. I can still, in memory, see Father quietly making his way to the barn, a switch in his hand, when the strains of Walter's violin reached his ears.

Mary lived only a few years, and left a son about three years old, named "Edward Louis" for my husband and Brother Lou. He was called "little Lou" and my brother Louis loved him as if he had been his own. He was a lovable child, much like his father, very deliberate in talk and action.

The two went to live with Lou and Lottie, where they stayed for two or three years, and then Brother Walter married Minerva Estella Boylan, daughter of Judge Thomas Jefferson Boylan, the





first Judge in the County. Their family was greatly respected in Western Kansas. They were pioneers, like ourselves, and had frequent experiences with Indians, passing through many "scares," and enduring much hardship in *their* "prairie days."

Meanwhile, the Skirwin grandparents had the natural dislike for a stepmother. Little Lou was always allowed to visit them whenever they asked for him, so on this particular occasion they went after him, as usual, but did not set any definite date for bringing him back. They said something about its being "some time" as they would be using the horses.

A month went by, and Walter was thoroughly worried. It was before the days of telephones, radios, automobiles and daily mails. A spot a few miles away would be quite isolated as far as any news was concerned. He wrote them to bring the little boy home, but receiving no reply, went after his son.

To his surprise and dismay, he found they had sold their farm and had been all ready to leave the country when they came after the child! They went away immediately, no one knew where, and had now been gone more than a month. It was a sad blow to Walter, although he knew the grandparents loved the child and would be kind to him. He tried to trace them, but failed, and it was years before he ever saw or heard from "little Lou."

The child, of course, was too young to understand, and we never knew what his grandparents might have told him concerning his father. At any rate, even when the boy was old enough to reason and to act for himself, he made no effort to communicate with Brother Walter (his father.)

Our mother was spared the pain of losing little Lou. She died while he and his father were living with Lou and Lottie, before Walter married again. After Mother's death, Father went to Oregon. He had been there several years when by some chance he heard of a family by the name of "Skirwin." Naturally, he lost no time in visiting them, and found his grandson, almost grown.





The Skirwins had suffered financial reverses, and were not able to give the boy the education he should have, so they were perfectly willing for his father to take him.

In the years of his absence, two lovely daughters and another son had been born to Walter in the second marriage. Louis, the long-missing half-brother, now joined the family, and became very popular with them, being much beloved by his younger brother and sisters.

Before he finished school, the Spanish-American War broke out, and Louis, like so many young men, enlisted. He was sent to the Philippines and served with honor to the end of the brief war. Fortunately, he was never disabled through sickness, nor was he wounded, but came home, well and strong. I asked him how it was, when so many soldiers returned to the United States with stomach ailments and worse, from which many never recovered.

He said earnestly: "We were warned as to the bad effects of the fresh fruit over there, with the kind of water we had to drink, so I didn't eat the fruit. And Aunt Nettie, I led a clean life, for I knew that if I wanted to come home and be happy, I must have good health."

It seemed remarkable to me that so young a man should have had such good judgment.

He saw hard service with the infantry, and has told me some of his adventures. On one occasion, for instance, they had to march all night in a river, so as to leave no trail for the enemy. At dawn they were ordered to "stack arms." Never was rest more welcome, for they were all at the point of exhaustion. Lou, however, had had an extra strain, for his buddy had given out, and in the end, Lou had carried him.

I have never been able to get accurate information about his regiment and company, or the date of his discharge. After the war, he studied hard to make up for lost time, and became a fine electrician. He married, and two children were born: a girl named



"Mary," and a boy, "Edward Louis," thus repeating the names of his own mother and himself.

Tragedy overtook the little family. Lou was killed through contact with a heavily-charged live wire, and about a year later, his widow died of an abscess on the brain. We know little of the two children, for the mother's people took them, and bitterly objected to our family having anything to do about caring for them. All we know is that there was considerable insurance left for their support, and that they live in Colorado.

Brother Walter was always the aristocrat, the "society man" of our family. He was more of a Saxon blond than Brother Lou, and grew up to be distinguished looking, somewhat as I imagine our father must have been. With his family he was very affectionate, and altogether of a lovable nature. His musical ability made him popular, and Lou would tease him by calling him "a ladies' man."

In addition to the violin which he loved, he had a splendid tenor voice, and was our soloist on all occasions. For some reason, Father encouraged us to go to singing school, so Walter had good training from his youth. The song, "Home On the Range," which has become popular since then, was composed many years ago, when we were all young. An autographed copy was given to Walter, by the author, as Walter sang this extremely well.

This song was written by Dr. Brewster Higley, of Smith County, Kansas, in 1871. Very lately a New Mexico man sued the Columbia Broadcasting Company for using the song without permission, claiming that *he* was the author. In court, however, the evidence was so overwhelming for Dr. Higley's authorship, that the other man dismissed his suit. The words were published in a paper, the "Smith County Pioneer" in 1873, and it was afterwards set to music by another Smith County man. I never hear the song without recalling Brother Walter's splendid rendition.





Although very slender in his youth, Walter became large and strong in his maturer life. I have heard Father say that he (Walter) had no idea how strong he really was. His speech was gentle and deliberate, but there was no indecision about him. When he spoke, others listened—and often obeyed.

Lou and Walter were always fond of out-door life, and seemed to understand horses and other livestock. Walter became a cattle rancher of some fame in Western Colorado, and owned outright (as we supposed) a large cattle ranch. He made his money in shipping cattle to eastern markets. Unfortunately he was injured in a railroad wreck, and left with a weak heart, which eventually carried him away.

We had always understood that he was very prosperous. While he lived, his family had both comfort and luxury, considering the plain living that was "comfort and luxury" then. When the estate came to be settled, a year or so after he died, however, his partner in the cattle business made claim to almost everything, and there was very little left for the family. They were not conversant with business details, and so the mystery has never been explained. All his family had was his life insurance.

This tragedy had a good effect upon Walter's children. The oldest child of his second marriage was a blue-eyed, tow-headed girl, named for me: "Nettie," although there is also "Mabel" attached to it. She was sweet as a child and ambitious as a young woman, becoming a teacher in the schools of Western Kansas. After her father's death, she opened a woman's lingerie and ready-to-wear shop, which gave the family a better income. She was very successful in business and continued in it until her mother married again. Then she took an office position, being assistant to the City Treasurer of Pueblo, Colorado. This she held for seventeen years, until the need of rest brought about her resignation. In those years, however, she had won an enviable place in the woman's





business world, holding responsible offices in a number of business clubs and social organizations. She has never married.

Then came the second child, charming little Estella. I have seen her only twice, but her light brown hair, and the Korb blue-gray eyes gave her a charm and attractiveness I cannot forget. The first time I saw her she was "Mother's little helper" and a very efficient one. The next time, she was married, and had a sturdy son, Don Smith, who afterwards became a famous football player at Boulder College, Boulder, Colorado. She married Paul Smith, the son of a highly respected Judge in Western Colorado. They had a lovely home and a large ranch near Gardener, Colorado.

Walter's youngest was a son: "Leonard." He was a fine-looking youngster, the perfect picture of his father, my brother. I recall him as a tall, straight young man, dignified and deliberate, resembling his father in speech and actions as well as in looks.

When the World War started, he slipped away and enlisted, not letting his family know about it for some time. He was taken ill in the training camp, had the dreaded 'flu, and never recovered his health, dying soon afterward.

He had married, but for some reason he and his wife had separated. Leonard had been given custody of the two small sons, "Walter Edward" and "Jackie," but his wife had kidnaped the pair, and we have lost all trace of them. Leonard was unable to find where they had gone, and his death ended the story.

Thus did tragedy attend two of Walter's sons, the oldest and youngest. How strange are the workings-out of family and personal history!



## CHAPTER XXIV

The author of these reminiscences, Nettie Emma Korb Bryson, was the third child born to Anton Julius Korb and Samantha Ann McCallister Korb, but for several reasons it has seemed best to place in the *last* chapter the few facts not otherwise mentioned concerning her part in the family life.

### JOHN STEPHEN KORB

The third son and fourth child of our parents was "John Stephen." My other brothers, Lou and Walter, were older than myself, and being compelled to take up work and responsibility at an early age, (as did the sons of all pioneer families) they soon grew away from me and into young manhood. Being near of an age, they were companions for each other. My companion and friend was "Stevie," two years younger than myself. From the time I can first remember, up to the home in Osborne, from which I was married and went away, Steve and I were inseparable.

Children grew up faster then than now. More play and longer schooling nowadays keeps them younger at heart. Before Sister Rose was born Steve was, of course, plunged into all kinds of boy-activities while I was more and more occupied in the home. Sister Minnie's coming, two years later, showed our ways separating somewhat more completely, but after that, we were in the same social set—there were not such "crowds" of young people then as now—and we became companionable again. My marriage broke the spell. In mature years, we were separated entirely.

As children, I was always the leader, and Stevie my most willing vassal. This was due to the fact that I was two years older, and he quite looked up to my superior age and experience. It







NETTIE AND STEVE KORB IN 1868





MISS LILLIAN MARY SMITH



was by no means a lack of initiative on his part. All of our father's children were blessed with decision of character. As I look back, and recall amusing little incidents of our play-days, I realize that my leadership was not always as wise as he regarded it. There was, for example, the time when Father was building the bridge across Skunk River, in Iowa.

It was a treacherous stream, and we children had been warned over and over again to stay away from it, but it was a temptation too great to be withstood. Steve and I would play on the bank whenever older eyes were turned away. I had learned to throw, and it was great fun to cast pebbles and larger stones into the water, and see the ever-widening circle of disturbance out in the "niffie" as we called the stream. Steve, of course, would try to pitch as well as I did, but his little arms were shorter, so he had to stand closer to the water.

One day the river was too alluring to resist, but Stevie had due regard for parental warnings. I called him, but he hesitated, and then I taunted him with being afraid. "Fraidy-Cat," I sang, "Fraidy-Cat." No masculine heart, be it six or sixty, could let the feminine be more daring, so straight he came to the water's edge, and soon we were enjoying ourselves as usual.

Just then Mother saw us. I had no conception, at that age, of the anxiety which smote her when she saw her little ones in danger of falling into the water. She was afraid to shout, for fear of startling us, so, as silently as possible, she stole up, clutched each one firmly from behind, and ducked us. We came up coughing and sputtering, but the fright was beneficial. It was a lesson that lasted a long while. The river had lost its charm! We were cured of the desire for ripple-making in the "niffie."

Steve and I always attracted attention when we went anywhere, due, I think, to Stevie's platinum hair, curled in ringlets on his well-shaped head. I always felt proud of his hair, but it was not until we were both older that I realized what a handsome face he had. Beside him, with my plain features and straight hair, I



felt like an ugly duckling. He grew into a remarkably fine-looking man, and kept his looks through life.

After Mother died, Father sold the homestead and brought Rose and Minnie to my husband and me. We thought then it was only a visit he was making to Oregon, but when he stayed, and married again, I would not consent to the little girls going out alone, but insisted that Steve go with them, which he did.

It was his first adventure into the world—from Kansas to Oregon—and in a sense, his last, for he remained and married there. I shall never forget the memory pictures of him then: gentle and dreamy, and a good reader. In school he had been fond of history, and as he grew into manhood, took a great interest in current events and political affairs. Now, in his early twenties—just twenty-one when our beloved mother left us—he was ready to carve a future for himself.

In Oregon, in 1886, he became associated with a large grist mill concern, owned and operated by a Scotch family. We thought this was a good influence for Steve, for he was inclined to be careless with money. He must have become thrifty, however, and the family evidently liked him, for he married one of the daughters.

She was Ella Scott, of Scott's Mills, Oregon, and seems to have been a good helpmeet, for within a few years they owned a large farm of several hundred acres. This accomplished, they rented the place and went to live on a small one. Sixty acres provided them with a comfortable home, garden, orchard, etc. They had a modern house, and raised blooded livestock: Jersey cows, Angora goats, and sheep.

Owing to the protracted rains of Oregon, it was difficult to care for stock of this sort, and Steve's health failed. He became a victim of asthma, and had to seek a dryer climate where the temperature was mild. We could not persuade him to come to California, but he had business interests in Nevada and spent several winters there. He might have moved to that state, but his holdings in Oregon would have had to be sacrificed—a forced sale





never brings full values—and it would have taken Ella away from her family. I think, too, that he really preferred Oregon, and kept hoping that his health would permanently improve.

Contrary to many more modern marriages, Steve and his wife were always devoted to each other. They never had any children.

I visited them in 1929 and had a most enjoyable visit, finding that "my little brother, Stevie" had become a prominent man in his adopted state. He had organized the rural telephone company and was president of it. He had also secured for his County a rural delivery system, and had contributed much else in the way of public service, all of it (as Ella jokingly said) without pay and just to be helpful.

At home they were thoroughly domestic and happy. They had a very handsome black Shepherd dog that showed remarkable intelligence. If Steve was out around the farm, or in some distant field, Ella would write a note, give it to the dog, and in a short time he would bring back Steve's answer.

They were very companionable, Steve and Ella, and I remember with what glee they told me of Steve's activities selling liberty bonds. He sold more than any other man in his County, because he "had method in his madness," selling most of them to pro-German suspects! Asked if this did not make enemies for him, he replied that on the contrary, it made him many warm friends.

Steve stayed with me longer than my other brothers—as if the tender tie that bound us was very hard to break. Lou and Walter had both gone, and we sisters naturally clung to Steve. He had an accident of some sort a few weeks before his death, but was not considered in any danger. One night—October 11th, 1934—he went to bed feeling comfortable, but passed away in his sleep. A sad blow to his wife and sisters!





## CHAPTER XXV

### SISTER ROSE

She was the fifth child and the second girl in the Korb family, born in the old homestead on August 4th. A fine specimen of babyhood, with blue eyes, blond, curly hair, and weighing twelve pounds at birth. Also, she was a much-wanted child. I was so lonely, being the only girl in the family, that I prayed very earnestly for a sister, and accepted her as the happiest gift my twelve years had ever known.

As a child, Rose was sweet and lovable, and a real mother's girl, being miserable if away from Mother for only a few hours. Even now, she has never lost that devotion to Mother's memory, and her longing for that counsel and love. When Mother passed away, though Rose was only ten, she experienced the deep, tragic grief that sometimes comes to children. For hours she would sit, as if in deep thought, pulling at her hair; until the top of her head was actually bald. It was a long while before she could cry, and so have the relief of tears for her over-strung nerves.

After Mother's death, Father brought the two little girls to our home, Rose ten and Minnie eight. At the same time, my husband had a nephew, Frank Bryson, who had come to us because he had lost his mother. Frank was about twelve—the troublesome age, and no one wanted him. Our two children were babies, so Ed and I had quite a household with five children, but we got on pretty well.

We were living then on a large farm, one mile northwest of Red Oak, Iowa, near Council Bluffs. Rose was a good little helper in many ways, especially in looking after the younger children. Frank was at the teasing age, and Rose was his chief victim. Teasing her was the greatest joy of his life.







SISTER ROSE





In those days, even children had home duties, for there was much to be done on a big farm and parents believed in teaching them to be helpful. It was the business of Frank and Rose to gather eggs every evening. On the particular occasion I am thinking of, they quarrelled about getting up in the hay loft. Hens, you know, have a very bad habit: they persist in laying their eggs every other place but the one prepared for them. The hay loft was a favorite spot with them (rather than their own nests) but it was hard to get to. Frank would always insist that it was Rose's turn to go up the rickety ladder, even when he knew full well she had been up last, but he wanted to play a prank on her. His brain was very fertile with mischief.

Rose, dear, conscientious child that she was, would go, even though she knew the result, because she was aware that Frank never got all the eggs. As she would start to climb up, he would pretend that he heard me calling, or that some other task claimed his attention somewhere else, but in reality, he just hid outside the barn until she was out of sight in the dusty, sweet-smelling hay above, and then he would steal in and be waiting for her when she came down.

This evening she had been particularly lucky, finding more than six dozen eggs, and was brimming over with happiness, thinking how surprised and pleased her "big sister Nettie" would be. She had the full bucket on her arm, and both feet on the ladder, when Frank sprang up from nobody-knew-where, and grabbed her ankle. It was dim in the barn, even in midday, but with dusk descending, the light was almost gone, and the suddenness of his "joke" frightened her. She gave one unearthly scream, and down she came, bucket, eggs, and self. Fortunately, a pile of hay had been pulled down from the loft, earlier in the day, and now broke her fall, but it was hard to tell which was more scrambled: the eggs (which were all crushed) or Rose, with her egg-dripping clothing, and the tears trying to wash off the egg stains on her face.

The first of these is the fact that the British people are not yet fully conscious of the importance of the work which they are called upon to do. They are not yet fully conscious of the fact that the British Empire is not a mere collection of colonies, but a great and powerful nation, which is the result of the efforts of its people. They are not yet fully conscious of the fact that the British Empire is not a mere collection of colonies, but a great and powerful nation, which is the result of the efforts of its people. They are not yet fully conscious of the fact that the British Empire is not a mere collection of colonies, but a great and powerful nation, which is the result of the efforts of its people.

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To Frank it was hilariously funny—until after a trip to the woodshed.

The children went to a country school that winter, and had to walk over a mile there and back, but they all stayed well. In the late spring or early summer, when Father thought he had made a new home for his small daughters by marrying again, he wrote for them to come. I was disappointed in Father, positive that he had made a mistake, and altogether unwilling for my little sisters to be under a stepmother. For months we corresponded—and letters did not go as fast then as now—but in the end I lost and Father won. Steve left Kansas and took Rose and Minnie to Oregon.

Their stay was not so very long in point of time, but a long, long while in point of dissatisfaction. I think, perhaps, my attitude had prejudiced them against the stepmother, which was not a happy way to begin. Then, too, conditions were wrong. Father was on a farm, and the eight-year-old and ten-year-old were expected to go to school and at the same time to assist with much harder tasks than I had ever given them. Taking care of milk and butter, and helping with all the housekeeping, was too much responsibility for children of their ages. In addition, the schools were poor in that section of Oregon at that particular time.

Many a night the poor, tired little things cried themselves to sleep. They were homesick for me, lonely for Mother, yet not daring to voice any complaint to Father for fear of being accused of "telling tales" and "making trouble." Rose wrote to me, but I could say very little, for the same reason, not knowing who might see my letters. Rose was the only child Father ever had who dared to "talk back" to him, but when she was thoroughly aroused, he would listen. This happened when she finally rebelled openly against the new life, which ended when Rose and Minnie were sent back to me.

None of us ever thought what a disappointment it all must



have been to poor Father. We saw only our own viewpoint, and were overjoyed to be together again.

Both girls, older than their years on account of this experience, had grown prettier and more graceful, and were quite worthy in appearance to be sisters to their good-looking brothers, and daughters to our handsome father and lovely mother. Rose began to take an interest in sewing. I taught her a little, but a friend offered to give her a regular course of instruction in cutting and dressmaking; and she was an apt pupil. In a short time she could do marvellously well, and another talent appeared: she was artistic in her work. Not only could she design and make dresses, but do "anything with a needle."

This ability to sew, while poorly paid in the days when every girl was taught housewifely arts, was nevertheless a great asset. It helped Minnie through high school. Books were expensive, and pupils bought their own, so that often it took all that Rose could earn. My husband and I kept a home for them, and I did as much sewing as I had time for to keep them both well-dressed while Rose earned money.

As might be expected, the young men of their acquaintance were not blind. We had moved from Iowa to California while the girls were in Oregon, and our smart and pretty Rose had much attention in our new home. While still quite young, she married Valdemar Schmidt, the son of a pioneer family here. The Schmidt home was located where the Hotel Ambassador now stands, then far out in the suburbs of the little town called "Los Angeles."

One child was born of this marriage, a blonde baby girl named "Valmere." It was, of course, akin to her father's name, "Valdemar." I do not know the meaning but it has always seemed to suit our gentle, sweet, adorable Valmere.

Music was her specialty, and her mother cherished the hope that she would make something of her naturally beautiful soprano voice, which possessed both sweetness and sympathy.





As a woman she is cultured and with a great deal of poise.

She married a fine young man from an outstanding English family, one of ten children, Eugene Grensted. He has worked in one place all his business life: the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, where he gained his well-earned position of Vice-President, and is well liked and highly respected by both leaders and fellow workers. Strange to say, the in-laws all love him too.

Arlyle, the son of this union, is now just budding into manhood, a student in Pomona College. He was of Caesarian birth, and we almost lost our dear Valmere in the ordeal. She is a most devoted mother, even giving up her music when Arlyle was small. Indeed, I consider both Valmere and Gene outstanding as parents.

As a child, Arlyle was quite a pianist, but boylike, reached the conclusion that the piano is effeminate. Later, when less occupied with his studies, we hope that he will appreciate his talent, and realize that we need music for poise and relaxation. Independently of this, however, he has outstanding abilities which have made us very proud of him. He had an honor record at the California Preparatory School in Covina, and recognition has come to him for skill in archery and target shooting. His hobby is photography, for which he has won a silver cup for three successive years.

Arlyle is a blonde, tall and fine-looking like all the men of the family. To me, he is like Mother's people, the McCallisters. I can see certain traits persisting, even though he is her *great-grandson*.

Valmere's father died before Valmere was grown and Rose married again. This time it was to Jack Baum, manager of the "Los Angeles Times," but the step proved to be a mistake.

As one can imagine, Sister Rose has had many heartaches along the way of life, but she has come through them all lovable in disposition, kind (to her own detriment often) and extremely sympathetic. She is still good looking, keeps herself well groomed,





and has a keen interest in people and things. Her artistic talents have been improved and extended. She is an expert, for example, in making hooked rugs, and is a first-class amateur interior decorator. All of her friends call upon her (without pay) for help in any artistic line they take up, and especially depend upon her taste in furnishing their homes.

More than this, she has a finer art, to my way of thinking, for she knows well, by her own experience, how to help people who have lost their courage. Many such she has inspired to fight back (in the right way) when "everything goes dead wrong." In her letters and her conversations she can quote helpful lines of prose and poetry, and not forgetting our religious up-bringing, she knows the Scriptures well enough to recall the most apt verses for any occasion.

Rose is the only other member of our immediate family now living. The child for whom I prayed is the companion of my maturer years, my comfort and my admiration, now as always. She has helped many to start on life's journey again, with a better understanding and a clearer light on their special pathway. In nursing our father in his last days, in helping Minnie, in companioning with me, her older sister, she has been, indeed, a very *great* comfort to all of us.



## CHAPTER XXVI

### SISTER MINNIE.

Our sister Minnie was the sixth child and the third girl in the Korb family. We now had half a dozen, which was not looked upon as a large family in those days. She arrived one blustery winter day, two years after our darling Rose, who had seemed to fill our cup of joy to the full. I think Mother felt, at least just at first, that the new baby was not as welcome as Rosie had been. Anyway, all through her babyhood Mother exercised the most protective care over her. It was an entirely different affection from that lavished upon the rest of us, and may be common with *youngest* children. I do not know.

At all events, there were several things about her arrival that gave us an especially tender love for the helpless little thing. Mother did not rally, and could not retain any nourishment, so that the doctor gave up hopes of saving her life. It was through the home remedies of a celebrated local character known as "Mother Crampton" that she stayed with us at all. Mother Crampton was our neighborhood "Good Samaritan."

Meanwhile, the new baby was very tiny. Father used to say that we could have put her in a quart jar and screwed on the lid, and Minnie (when she was older) used to retort that it was lucky for her it was in January and not in fruit canning time that she came. Father and I were the chief nurses, with Aunt Lizzie and sometimes Aunt Jen for reinforcements, and so from her earliest hours, little Minnie was dependent upon our care.

After Mother was up and around, the little one thrived and grew, for we had an old-fashioned mother, who nursed her children. With the experience of five previously, she knew just what to do for the under-sized one.







SISTER MINNIE



MISS MARY



Minnie was always much smaller than the rest of us, and we were proud of her daintiness. She had a lovely little face, too, and very charming ways. She was a bit wilful, and sometimes harder to understand than the others, but looking back, I can see how we were to blame in spoiling her. For example, she was very sensitive, and if anyone found fault with her she would be so deeply hurt, showing it so keenly, that we would "back water" and let her have her own way, just to prove that we really loved her. I think now, that in some cases, a little sternness might have been more nearly the genuine article.

Be that as it may, she was an affectionate little thing to those she liked, and exceedingly generous, even to the point of real self-denial. She might be depended upon—both as child and woman—to take the part of the under dog, whether animal or human. She seemed to be attractive to strangers, making friends easily. Bright in school, she went farther than the rest of us in educational attainments. In fact, she was the genius in the house of Korb. Gifted with a marvellous imagination, she might have made a writer.

Her name, "Minnie" was at first a nickname. We said she "wasn't any larger than a minnow," only we pronounced it "minnie." And it stuck. "Minnie" was her name as long as life lasted. It seemed to me, however, as she developed into such an intellectual woman, that it might have been a nickname of "Minerva," the wise one.

Instead of writing, her name stands on the roll of talented California artists. She always had all the orders for paintings that her time permitted, but her best work was in china decorating. In that line she really made an enviable reputation for herself.

Oddly enough, with all this artistic talent, and ability as a brain worker, she possessed good business judgment, saving and investing rather wisely. Minnie could always be relied upon to have funds available for emergencies. And she was scrupulously careful to pay all debts promptly. All this may have been a heritage from Father and Mother, but her thrift was especially helpful to her



physician-husband, whose kindness of heart made him respond to many calls for which he never asked pay.

Not long after Minnie had finished high school, young Dr. Joseph H. Kirkpatrick came along, and after some years of courting, they were married.

"Dr. Joe" as the family call him, is from a family of doctors and surgeons. His father and uncle, Ross and John Kirkpatrick, were well and favorably known in the profession, in and around Los Angeles. When I came to California to live, they were regarded as medical authorities. Joe, following in their footsteps, has made a name for himself as a surgeon, and is frequently called into consultation by other physicians in Los Angeles and neighboring towns, when cases are grave and puzzling.

For all of his skill, however, he could not save our beloved Minnie, not even with the help of other fine doctors called into consultation. The youngest of our family, after long suffering and unbearable pain, left us July 21st, 1938, at five P.M. on a sad, sad Thursday.

#### L'ENVOI

When earth's last picture is painted  
And the tubes are rusted and dried,  
When the oldest colors are faded  
And the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest — and faith, we shall need it,  
Lie down for an aeon or two  
Till the master of all good workmen  
Shall set us to work anew,  
And those that were good shall be happy;  
They shall sit in a golden chair.  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas  
With brushes of comet's hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from,  
Magdalen, Peter and Paul,





They shall work for an age at a sitting  
And never be tired at all.  
And only the Master shall praise us  
And only the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money,  
And no one shall work for fame,  
But each for the joy of working  
And each in his separate star  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it  
For the God of Things as they are.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Minnie's only child, a son, is named "Dick." After he grew up, he added the initial "J." I hoped it was meant for "Julius," part of his grandfather Korb's name. It might, of course, be "John" for his uncle. More likely, however, it was "Joseph" for his father.

Dick was a handsome boy but not a blond (like the Korbs) save in babyhood. He takes after his father's people, with dark hair, although he has blue eyes. He was a great favorite with his Aunt Rose, who contributes this account of him:

"We were all very pleased when Dick was born, May 5th, 1906, as there had been no babies in the family for ten years. He was a sweet and lovable child, but never sturdy until he reached his teens and became interested in school athletics. An unusual manner of slow, droll speech, and a way of asking confusing questions, distinguished him as a child.

"I remember once giving him a severe scolding for some of his boyish sins. He listened (as I supposed) with great attention, and with a dreamy look in his eyes. I felt rather flattered to be making such an impression. All at once, as I reached the climax of the talk, he asked: 'Auntie Rose, what makes a seltzer bottle seltz?' "

"Dick spent as much time with me as I could beg, borrow or steal him from his parents, for I adored him, and he always seemed





to enjoy being with me. His pranks and drolleries kept us entertained, but with strangers he was quite timid. This caused him to be frequently misunderstood, as he grew older, and in later years he has told me what a hard battle he had with himself to overcome this handicap. He succeeded, however, and has very easy, graceful manners, being extremely courteous and considerate, especially with older people.

"After attending public school in Los Angeles, Dick went to Oregon State College in 1927, where he remained for a time, working, and paying his own way. To be among strangers entirely was doubtless helpful in overcoming the shyness from which he suffered. Certainly it built up considerable self-confidence, and, in addition, he had many interesting experiences, for he was a conscientious student, had an excellent memory, and made the most of his opportunities."

On his first vacation home, Dick met and fell in love with Helene Kathleen Arcaling, a beautiful girl, born in Oakland, California, and educated in St. Mary's School for Girls. She is of Austrian parentage. They were married November 27th, 1929. How strange that the Korb strain of Teutonic blood (Prussian) should be at last mixed with another Teutonic strain (Austrian)!

From his early youth, Dick was interested in electricity. He and his playmates had his father's garage filled with old batteries and wires, and the results of their experiments were not always predictable. In their eyes, however, they were wonderful achievements. It is not strange, therefore, that he followed his inclination and took up business along the electrical line. He is now with the Neon Electric Products Corporation, and is well liked, both by the Company and the other employees.

On March 18th, 1933, Sister Minnie's grandson arrived, dear little "Toddy." To Rose, Dick's baby son was no less wonderful than Dick himself had been, but to me, I can hardly credit the flight of years that could make "our little sister Minnie" a grandmother! Toddy is our parents' great-grandchild.



## CHAPTER XXVII

NETTIE EMMA KORB BRYSON.

This chapter is about myself. As I mentioned previously, I was the third child and the first girl born to my parents, so that between them and me was the finest of comradeship. I arrived while they were living in Washington, Iowa, on June 18th. We were a very happy family. As I look back to the earliest recollections of my handsome young father, and my lovely young mother, I wonder that I did not recognize them as young, but I did not. To me they were simply ageless—mine always and forever.

It would be mere repetition to go farther into my own childhood and girlhood. I have already told of Iowa and Kansas as they affected the fortunes of Anton Julius and Samantha Ann McCallister Korb, and their children. I hope those who read this little tale will come into a better understanding of prairie days in general because of the prairie days of the Korbs.

Womanhood began for me, as it does for most girls, with marriage. It was summer—August 31st—that I was married to Edward Erastus Bryson, in Osborn, Kansas. He was the son of old neighbors of ours in Iowa, although, "grown up" as we thought we were, he came into my life as a stranger.

He was quite an athlete, and had won honors in foot racing and other sports, but possessed other accomplishments too. For one thing, he was a delightful home entertainer, pleasing family and friends with comedy and imitations. Besides this, he was passionately fond of music, having a good singing and yodeling voice, and playing several instruments.

From grammar grades "Ed" (as we called him) had been sent to a military school in Chicago, where he was a member of the





school band. As a drummer, he was an adept at all the tricks which later tap drummers practiced universally, but which were almost unheard of then. He played the snare drums until promoted to the rank of lieutenant, when he became leader of the band. This organization of young men was quite popular in Jackson Park, Chicago, where people liked to welcome the handsome, soldierly boys.

After we were married and went to "Scandi" (Kansas) to live, there was a real city band, which Ed joined, making quite a hit with his art as a snare drummer. He also played the tambourine. We felt that this band membership was no small honor, for Scandinavians are notoriously skilful as musicians. The band was in great demand for lodge celebrations, and all kinds of entertainments, even being called to neighboring towns, which contributed much to the joy of life. Its members (and their wives) had a great deal of fun and occasionally were well paid. But this was rather the exception than the rule.

In the first years of our married life, Ed was in the lumber business for his father. Then we went to a large farm in Iowa, and finally gave that up to please the Bryson family by moving to California, they having come ahead of us "to spy out the land." In Southern California Ed followed the bent of his own mind, and studied engineering, achieving his life-long ambition to become a locomotive engineer. In this work he was quite contented, seeming to know how to get the best mileage out of his engine, and making a fine record for himself. In three years, however, illness put an end to this chapter in his life.

We had lived very happily, and had expected to finish out a ripe old age together, for he was from a long-lived family. His mother was a few days over ninety-five when she passed away, and his father, eighty-eight. In some way, however, Ed contracted lung trouble, though it was not hereditary. He was ill two years, during which he suffered a series of distressing hemorrhages, the last one being an hour-and-a-half in duration. It was a comfort to me that





I was with him every hour, and could nurse him in this severe illness. He passed away July 11th, 1899, and was laid to rest in beautiful Inglewood Cemetery, Los Angeles.

To us had been born two children: Louie Jeneva, and John Henry. The daughter was born at the old homestead, in Kansas, for every young mother wants her own mother at such a time. We named the baby for three people: Brother Louis, our dear Aunt Jen, and Ed's sister, Eva. The son was born soon after my dear mother passed away, while we were living on the farm in Iowa. His name runs back to a number of others of the same, on both sides of the family. Father Bryson's name was John, the oldest son was Isaac Henry. Great Grandfather Bryson was John Henry; Great Grandfather Korb was also John Henry (Johan Heinrich). So our son became John Henry, though to family and friends he is Henry.

Somehow Daughter's name was shortened from "Jeneva" to "Neva" (as most of us call her now.) I do not know how it originated, but probably came from her own childish efforts to pronounce her name. She was a beautiful baby, and carried this beauty with her into girlhood and on through the years. At three, she had an abundance of yellow hair that hung in curls. A little later, the curls were down to her waist, as children wore them then. As a woman, her hair has become a soft, light brown.

She had inherited her father's musical ability, being gifted with a good singing voice, soft and sweet, with rich harmony. In addition, she had a perfect sense of rhythm, so that we expected much from this talent. One of her teachers said it was a voice such as God gave to but few of his favored children. Before she could pronounce the words, she could carry a tune. Often she would coin her own words and apply them to tunes she knew.

When she was older, she took some voice culture, and frequently sang at parties, but many calls came to her for funerals. Her voice had a sympathetic quality that was much liked. I remem-



ber how she used to smile doubtfully when some older friend would say: "I want you to sing at my funeral," but frequently she did.

Another name that Neva is known by is "Sister." Her little brother could not say "Jeneva" or even "Neva" so he said "Sister" in his baby syllables. He has never called her anything else, and his example has been followed even by some of her friends, and by Sentman, her only nephew, who, of course, imitated his father in this.

Neva was always sweet and obedient. A little mischievous sometimes, as when she would jokingly call her father "Ed" so as to get him to scold her for disrespect! Never did she speak a sharp or harsh word to either of us. No doubt she had occasion to feel a gentle resentment at times, but she never expressed it even when her mother was particularly trying. She has been most devoted and thoughtful, and never has there been anything too hard or too much trouble to do for me cheerfully. If I am ill, she gives me the tenderest care, until I sometimes think she has utterly spoiled me for the rest of the family.

I speak from several years' experience in her home, for my father and I lived with Neva and her good husband, Leo Louis Levy. Leo was always kind and considerate, thoughtful and generous with both of us. This means a great deal, for Daddy was trying at times, as when he wanted to force his own strong religious views on others. It was most embarrassing often. But Leo never complained, and was kind and patient with him at all times.

In Father's declining years he was an invalid. We cared for him for fifteen years, moving him from the home of one daughter to that of another. When it came my turn, I would take him where I was living, to Neva's and Leo's house. In June, 1920, he came to us the last time from Sister Rose. One morning, as Leo was leaving for his work, he looked into Father's room to say "good-morning" (as he always did) then said to me privately:





"Mother, he's a mighty sick man. Don't move him again. Let him stay right where he is. I am sure he will be more comfortable here."

He lived until December—six months. Neva was very good to him, always getting up dishes that she thought he would like and in a number of ways ministering to his comfort. She was so kind and patient that my heart goes out to Neva and Leo whenever I think of that experience. I pray God to bless them both for their graciousness and goodness. Daddy many times asked God to bless them.

Neva kept up with her music for some years, but when her duties multiplied by the coming of two daughters into the home, she gradually had less and less time to give to it. Now we do not hear her sweet song any more, which is a great deprivation to us all.

Leo and Neva have two daughters: Nannette Loraine and Virginia Jane. Nannette was eighteen January 2nd, 1938, and her sister Jane was fifteen December 13th, 1937. They are both lovely girls, with unusual talents, which their parents are taking pains to develop. Nannette is the sweet singer. Jane is the student. They are fond of fun and other young people, but are devoted to father and mother, and have begun to realize that they will have to work hard and earnestly to make their talents mean anything to themselves or others.

As to Henry, no mother ever had a better son. Neither as a growing boy, nor as a young man, did he ever give me the slightest trouble or anxiety. His father passed away when he was twelve, and from that hour he became "the man of the house." Indeed, he took the responsibility quite to heart. On one occasion, drawing himself up to the full height and dignity of his twelve years, he said to his sister (several years his senior): "Remember, I'm your protector. I stand in the place of your father to you now."





Despite a hysterical desire to laugh, Neva accepted the situation with her usual grace and sweetness. It was always a joy to me to see them together, and a very happy recollection how, even in their early teens, they were dutiful and kind to their mother.

When Henry had finished grammar school, he insisted upon going to work instead of to high school. I was dressmaking, and am sure he thought it would ease the situation for me. Finally I had to yield, for he secured himself "a job." As I thought it over, I could see very little difference in *his* ambition "to be independent" and that of his elders to conquer the prairie which lay before them. The urge was the same. Conditions only were different.

But whether I argued or not, he already had a place in the photo-engraving department of the Los Angeles Times, where he soon became proficient in the art. Not only was he a good workman, but was so trusted and depended upon that Father Bryson decided to "give him a chance" by taking him into his office.

We were all much flattered, for Henry was the first grandson Father Bryson had noticed. He had little use for anyone who could not first *prove* his ability to do things. I had some misgivings, however. Isaac, my husband's elder brother, was known to be quick-tempered and exacting, like his father. Nevertheless, it was a great opportunity. Isaac was agent for the Bryson Block, one of the first large office buildings to be erected in Los Angeles. Finally, I left the matter entirely with Henry, and he decided in favor of his grandfather's offer.

More than that, he got along well and continued his education by attending night school, taking courses in business practice and bookkeeping.

At that time, Mother Bryson and Isaac were rather heavily interested in a gold mine in Mexico, and it became necessary for some responsible person to visit the mine, check up on everything, and see how the money was being spent. Henry was not quite twenty-one—just at the venturesome age—and when they wished





to send him, he accepted eagerly. He not only wanted the trip and experience, but was flattered at being asked.

In preparation, he took Spanish at night school, but this was of little assistance since the Mexican laborers speak a very slovenly and slangy version, as compared with the perfect grammar of school-Spanish.

In Mexico he stayed more than a year, in complete charge of men and mine. It was a hard position for the boy. He knew little of Mexican characteristics, and how treacherous some of them can be. The investment was heavy (some \$50,000 of Bryson money in machinery and development expense) and the responsibility great; but though he afterwards admitted having been worried at times, his letters were always cheerful, and he wrote as if he enjoyed the experience.

Naturally, so young a man would be at a disadvantage on account of his youth, and he told us several amusing stories of how the respect of the men was increased because he could shoot the head off a snake at a distance, or bring down a bird on the wing. Henry was thorough in whatever he undertook, and his marksmanship, so patiently practiced, brought its reward.

As has happened in many cases, trouble arose over the deed to the property. In Mexico, with only Mexican courts to which to appeal, the result can be guessed. The mine was eventually shut down and finally lost. More recently, other American investors have had much the same experience, according to newspaper reports.

Mexico had many "thrills" for Henry, as, for example, when he would go after the payroll and have to pass through bandit-infested country. Undoubtedly his skill at shooting had something to do with their letting him alone. His worst enemies were the malarial climate and the bad water, as a result of which he was stricken with fever soon after his return home. It took months in Southern California to restore him to health and strength.

As soon as he was able to be in the office again, he was put back in charge of the Bryson Block, as agent, a position which he





held for years. A few years after coming home from Mexico, he married Miss Ella Towne, a lovely girl from Boston. He was now twenty-four, and out of his salary we had saved enough to buy the house in which we two were living. I believed that the bride and groom would be happier alone, so I broke up what had become a very dear home to me, and went to the one belonging to Neva and Leo.

It was in 1908 that I bought a sand-lot in the suburbs of Long Beach, California. Five years later I built my home, for in 1913 there had grown up there a thriving little community, known as "Alamitos Bay." It is a "California" house. That is, built of red-wood, unplastered. On one side the windows look toward Alamitos Bay, with its pretty sailboats. The opposite side gives a view of the blue Pacific Ocean. It is a pleasant place. I like to think of it as "a house by the side of the road" and "a friend to man." At all events, I rarely lack guests, for inside is a welcome always for my family and friends.

To Henry and Ella were born two children. The first was a boy, named Henry Sentman, the latter in honor of his great-grandmother Bryson, whose maiden name was "Sentman." This baby was the first great-grandson to bear the Bryson name. At the time of his birth he had three living great-grandparents: Mother Bryson; Ella's Grandmother Grant (a fine old Scotch woman); and my own father, Anton Korb. Needless to say, we simply adored my first grandson.

Their second child was a little girl, "Thelma," five years younger than Sentman. She was the image of her mother, and of a lovable, gentle nature. As she grew out of babyhood, we noticed that she gave promise of being capable and clever, and seemed to be a born musician. Naturally, we had great hopes bound up in our little darling, but she remained with us only eight years when our Heavenly Father took her home.





I have always thought it a strange coincidence that the two I loved so dearly: my mother and my grand-daughter, should both have passed away on September 1st. Mother left us in 1886 and Thelma in 1925. Another coincidence was the fact that Sentman, my grandson, was born August 16th, the anniversary of Brother Steve's birthday, Steve being closest to me in age and companionship of all my brothers and sisters.

How the years fly! Thirty-nine of them between Mother's going and Thelma's; years crowded with joys and sorrows. And now Sentman—a baby yesterday, a man today. He has grown like his father: faithful, earnest and steadfast. On March 5th, 1938, he was married to a very sweet, lovable and intellectual girl named Martha Ann Heater, whom her friends affectionately nickname "Jerry."

They can never start housekeeping as "in prairie days" like my gallant young father and young mother. There is no agricultural frontier for them to conquer. They are living in an age before which I quail. I would not have the courage to face economic adjustments, such as must come with the disappearance of that geographical frontier. But with the same qualities of heart and mind as their pioneering elders had, the young people of today will find and conquer *other* frontiers, for each generation has its own problems to solve. It lives within its own borders.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

Many years have come and gone since a little girl in a sun-bonnet rode in a covered wagon across the sweet-smelling, wind-swept prairie to a new home beyond the cities. She is a grandmother now, and the years have written telltale lines on her heart and in her face. And I am content that it should be so. My life has had its morning, its high noon, and now I go on toward the sunset.

At this point I am urged by Sister Rose to permit her to add a few lines which I am not to edit or change or cut down. If it is flattering I am not to blame; I am merely submissive; and anyway, who is strong-minded enough to *refuse* praise? So here is what she says:

"I shall write what I know and remember of my *Sister Nettie*, *Aunt Nettie* and I might even say *Mother Nettie*, for she has been all of these to this present generation. This book she has been so lovingly compiling, is that future generations may know something of their ancestors, and something of conditions that soon there will be no one left to remember. Also I hope I may tell of what she has meant to us.

"Nettie, among us all, was the only one who could have written such a history, because of her wonderful memory. That quality she inherited from our father, Anton Julius Korb. After he was ninety years of age he told me of things that had happened when he was a small boy in "the old country." That good memory was just one of Sister Nettie's wonderful gifts. She used to amuse and instruct us children by repeating stories she had read, telling them (it seemed to us) almost word for word as they had been written.

"I cannot remember her as a child, for she is twelve years older than I, married at an early age, and moved away. The time I *do*



## THEORY

The first part of the theory is concerned with the general principles of the theory. It is divided into two main parts: the first part is concerned with the general principles of the theory, and the second part is concerned with the special principles of the theory. The first part is divided into two main parts: the first part is concerned with the general principles of the theory, and the second part is concerned with the special principles of the theory. The first part is divided into two main parts: the first part is concerned with the general principles of the theory, and the second part is concerned with the special principles of the theory.

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remember was when our dear mother died, September 1st, 1886. I can never forget that time, and what happened afterwards. Then it was that I began to appreciate the many good and fine qualities of my sister Nettie.

"She was living on a large farm near Red Oak, Iowa, and offered her two little motherless sisters a home. I was ten and Minnie was eight. Nettie then had a little daughter, Neva, who was five, and a brand-new baby, christened John Henry. Two months after Mother's going, Father took his little girls to Sister Nettie.

"We arrived the latter part of November, and I have always remembered the Christmas of that year. It stands out in my mind among *all* my Christmasses, as the happiest I ever had.

"We hung up our stockings at the head of the bed, and next morning, before it was light, I awoke and reached up to see what Santa had left me. I felt something large and round in my stocking and was greatly excited. Pulling the wonderful thing out I found it was only a large potato! With all the recent sadness, and then this, the tears welled up into my eyes. I didn't realize that it was only a prank, designed to make me laugh. A sob choked me, and then I heard Sister Nettie calling. When I found what a Christmas she had prepared for Minnie and me, my tears were for pure joy.

"We hastened out of bed, into the adjoining room, which happened to be a large living room into which she had moved her bed, so as to keep herself and the baby warm, for it was a cold winter. We discovered that Santa had left our things there, because it was well heated. There were our presents, piled up, and never were two children more pleased and happy.

"I wish I had the gift of words that I might here set down what that Christmas meant to me. It was less lavish in gifts than the Christmasses modern children have, but it was more filled with appreciation for what we had, and a realization of what loving kindness was showered on two motherless children who had trod a hard path. When I see modern children heedlessly tearing open





rich and beautiful packages, carelessly tossing aside the cards, and trampling things underfoot, I cannot but think there is something in the words of the poet when he wrote: 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' These children have never known hardships, deprivation or want, and so have little realization of their great blessings.

"I cannot remember what my presents were that Christmas. When I try to recall details, the thought that comes uppermost was the love and tenderness of our elders in the new home, and our joy at being so protected and loved. Somehow I do remember popcorn, candy, and a banana—commonplaces to children of today, but a rarity in that day, and highly prized by Minnie and myself, as by *all* children of that period.

"Candy manufacturing, as a business, was in its infancy then. There was no such thing (except possibly in large cities) as a candy store. What little was sold was carried in the grocery stores. Bananas, oranges, and other tropical fruits, all had to be shipped from the West Indies, and cost enormously, so that they were mostly Christmas luxuries. They seemed wonderful to us.

"Nothing matters about that Christmas except the memory of the love and warmth with which our wonderful sister surrounded us, and which she has always radiated toward all the family—and toward all humanity. It was a wonderful thing for me and for Sister Minnie that we were in her family—one with them. As I have grown older I have come to realize what a great thing it is to create the atmosphere of love and warmth in your home for those who may be with you. To me, that Christmas came as a revival of joy in living; for we were two rather forlorn little girls who had just lost the dearest mother any children ever had.

"Sister Minnie and I lived there with Nettie and Ed (her husband) for about a year. In the meantime, our father had married again, and was living in Oregon. He sent for us to come and live with them, but because it seemed a long way to send two little girls all alone, and to a strange woman who was taking the place of our dear mother, my ever-loving and thoughtful sister talked to the rest



of the family and persuaded our youngest brother, Steve, to go with us. The next three years, with a stepmother, were unhappy for us, and again Sister Nettie came to our rescue. She was then living in California. It was a great joy to be in her home once more, and we both remained there until we were married.

"Once more I realized our Sister Nettie's sterling qualities when she cared for our father in his advanced age, and when she laid him to rest in beautiful Inglewood Cemetery. Another thing, and almost the most beautiful, was when Sister Nettie went back to Kansas in 1930, and caused to be cleaned up the old Adventist graveyard where our mother is buried. Then Nettie built a fine wire fence around the entire cemetery, and erected a lasting monument, also providing for the care of the hallowed spot.

"Nettie was not only able to give good advice to anyone in trouble, but she lent or gave generously of material things when any of her family or friends were in need. Often she has made sacrifices of her own comfort in order to give presents—sometimes costly ones. In addition she has been a substantial pillar in her church: materially, socially and spiritually.

"Nettie is kind, but she has a strong sense of justice, and will never deviate from what she thinks is right. As the years have gone on, her conviction that one must never swerve from the right has become more and more firm. And she has always lived up to the high standards she has set for others.

"There is nothing austere about her, however. She has a keen sense of humor, laughs like a girl at a good clean joke, and usually swaps you a better one. Our Sister, Aunt or Mother Nettie was not only kind and loving and unselfishly generous, but she has led a most exemplary life. At this writing, in the year 1939, my sincere wish is that she may be spared to us for many more years, to advise, love and help us all to keep in the straight and narrow path of life. May God bless and reward her!

"With sincere love, her devoted sister,

(Signed) ROSE MAY BAUM."





## OUR FAMILY TREE

Our Parents { Anton Julius Korb and

and had two (2) children.....Louie Jeneva Bryson Levy  
has two (2) daughters.....Nannette Loraine Levy

Nannette Loraine Levy  
Virginia Jane Levy

John Henry Bryson  
who married Ella Towne  
and had two (2) children

Henry Sentman Bryson  
recently married to  
Martha Ann Heater  
Thelma Bryson  
died in early childhood

(4) JOHN STEPHEN KORB  
married Ella Scott  
and died without children

(5) ROSE MAY KORB married Valdemar Schmidt and had one (1) daughter.

Valmere Schmidt Grønsted  
who has one (1) son . . . .

Arlyle Grensted

Valdemar died and Rose married Jack Baum, from whom she is divorced. There were no children of this union.

(6) MINNIE LOTTIE KORB married Dr. Joseph Kirkpatrick and had one (1) son.....

Dick J. Kirkpatrick  
who married Helene  
Kathleen Arcaling  
and has one (1) son

Toddie A. Kirkpatrick

At this writing (March, 1939) our parents' descendants are as follows:

6 children	18 great-grandchildren
14 grandchildren	2 great-great-grandchildren





# OUR FAMILY TREE

Our Parents { Anton Julius Korb  
and  
Samantha Ann McCallister Korb

Our Parents	Their Children	Their Grand-Children	Their Great-Grandchildren	Their Great-great- Grandchildren
(1) HENRY LOUIS KORB married Lottie Boltinghouse and had six (6) children.....	1. Florence Korb Miller had three (3) children.....  2. Walter Korb died unmarried 3. Jennie Korb Pontius has two (2) daughters..... 4. Nell Korb Beckner has one (1) daughter..... 5. Raymond Korb died in infancy 6. William W. Korb married Ruth McVey and has one (1) son.....	1. Louis Miller (died) Loren Miller, married, (no children) Leta Miller Larison has one (1) daughter.....  Marjorie Pontius Wilda Fame Pontius  Jean Beckner Maxwell who has one (1) daughter.....  "Billy Mac" Korb  Mary Korb and Edward Louis Korb, Jr.  Nettie Mabel Korb —unmarried—	Martha Jean Maxwell	Joan Larison
(2) NOAH WALTER KORB married Mary Skirwin and had one (1) son.....  Mary died and Walter married Minerva Estella Boylan and had three (3) children.....	Edward Louis Korb who married and died, leaving two (2) children.....  Nettie Mabel Korb —unmarried—	Don Smith  Walter Edward Korb and "Jackie" Korb  Nannette Loraine Levy Virginia Jane Levy  Henry Sentman Bryson recently married to Martha Ann Heater Thelma Bryson died in early childhood		
(3) NETTIE EMMA KORB married Edward Erastus Bryson and had two (2) children.....	Louie Jeneva Bryson Levy has two (2) daughters.....  John Henry Bryson who married Ella Towne and had two (2) children.....			
(4) JOHN STEPHEN KORB married Ella Scott and died without children				
(5) ROSE MAY KORB married Valdemar Schmidt and had one (1) daughter.....  Valdemar died and Rose married Jack Baum, from whom she is divorced. There were no children of this union.	Valmere Schmidt Grensted who has one (1) son.....	Arlyle Grensted		
(6) MINNIE LOTTIE KORB married Dr. Joseph Kirkpatrick and had one (1) son.....	Dick J. Kirkpatrick who married Helene Kathleen Arcaling and has one (1) son.....	Toddie A. Kirkpatrick		

At this writing (March, 1939) our parents' descendants are as follows:  
6 children  
14 grandchildren  
18 great-grandchildren  
2 great-great-grandchildren



### PART III

"Ah, well may we hope when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;  
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this."













